LE BEAU MONDE,

OR,

LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE MAGAZINE,

FOR MARCH, 1807.

NON PRÆTER SOLITUM LÆVES.

EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. Portrait of His late Royal Highness, Prince William Henry, Duke of Gloucester.
2. Beautifully coloured Morning Dresses for Ladies and Gentlemen.
3. A Modern Curricle.

CONTENTS.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS MEN.

His late Royal Highness Prince William Henry, Duke of Gloucester - - - - - - 243

HISTORY.

Of the Hindu Nation *(continued)* - - - - - 244

STATE OF SOCIETY AND MANNERS.

Lapland - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 249

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

On the Poetic of Aristotle - - - - - - - - 254
On Bath - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 257
On Voltaire - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 261
Luctor et Emergo—I strive and I rise, a Moral Tale - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 262
Aches—Shakespeare - - - - - - - - - - - 265
The Impious Wish, a Sentimental Incident 266
Sir Sidney Smith - - - - - - - - - - - - 267
An Easy Method of procuring a Fine Impression or Figure of Medals and Coins - 268
Extracts from the Common-Place Book of a Man of Letters - - - - - - - - - - - - 269

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

Anecdotes of Literature and Scarce Books, 2 vols. by the Rev. Wm. Beloe - - - - - 271
More Miseries, by Sir Fretful Murmur, Knt. 275

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Lines written on visiting Wingfield Castle, &c. 277
To a Friend in Tears - - - - - - - - - - - 278
A Comparison, on reading the Letters of Lord Chatham to his Nephew - - - - - - 279
To Anna - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - *ibid.*

FINE ARTS.

British Institution - - - - - - - - - - - - 280

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS FOR FEBRUARY.

Drury-Lane Theatre - - - - - - - - - - - - 282
Covent-Garden Theatre - - - - - - - - - - 285
The Opera - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 286
Oratorios - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 287

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS FOR THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY, 1807.

Foreign Transactions - - - - - - - - - - - 288
Domestic Politics - - - - - - - - - - - - 289

PARLIAMENTARY INTELLIGENCE for the Month of February - - - - - - - - - - 289

MISCELLANIES.

London and Fashionable Varieties - - - - - 294
Provincial Varieties - - - - - - - - - - - 297
Births, Marriages, and Deaths - - - - - - - 298

LE BEAU MONDE.

Description of Fashions for March - - - - - 299
General Observations on Ladies Dresses - - *ibid.*
General Observations on Gentlemen's Dresses 300
General Observations on Carriages - - - - - *ibid.*
Letter on High Life - - - - - - - - - - - - 301
Sporting Varieties - - - - - - - - - - - - 302

Printed and published for J. B. BELL, and Co. No. 11, *Catherine-Street, Strand.*

TO THE PUBLIC, OUR READERS, AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE length and importance of several of the Articles which have appeared in the former Numbers of this Magazine, have hitherto prevented the insertion of many literary favours, which were destined to occupy those pages of the Work, distinguished by the head "Original Communications." *Several Gentlemen of the first literary eminence, have condecendingly promised their assistance and contributions to this department, so that the Proprietors of* Le Beau Monde, or Literary and Fashionable Magazine, *can confidently pledge themselves to their numerous Readers and the Public, that each succeeding Number of their Work, will be distinguished beyond any similar Publication, for the value and interest of its Original Articles.*

To those Correspondents who have already favoured this Work with their Communications, the Proprietors beg leave to offer their most grateful acknowledgements, and also to those distinguished literary characters, who have so kindly promised their future aid.

The ornamental parts of this Work, which have already met with such general approbation, will, if possible, continue to improve. Through the favour of some of the most exalted Personages in the State, the Proprietors of this Magazine have obtained some admirable and original Portraits for the purpose of being engraved. These will appear in succeeding Numbers, and when introduced to the notice of the Public, they flatter themselves they will not only maintain, but increase the unrivalled reputation which this Magazine has already acquired.

Our particular acknowledgements are due to our very sensible Cambridge Correspondent; his remarks are under our consideration. The word *Hindus* is according to the orthography of Sir W. Jones, and our most eminent modern Orientalists. We shall esteem ourselves much favoured by any subsequent Communications from this very ingenious and liberal Correspondent.

We are obliged to *W. C. R.* for his attention, but his Fable is too imperfect for publication.—The "Poet in Distress" possesses considerable merit, but it would occupy too large a space in our columns.

Verses to a Lady with a Pocket Book are under consideration.

The Latin Verses to the memory of the late Duke of Brunswick have been received.

We have likewise to acknowledge the communications signed *X. X.* (post mark Oxford); *a Mariner*, Portsea; and *A. W. M.* Chesterfield. These, with other favours, are under consideration.

18
60
MAY

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS the LATE DUKE of GLOUCESTER.

Engraved by special permission for Le Beau Monde or Literary & Fashionable Magazine
Published by J. B. Bell & Co. N.th Catherine Street Strand London, March 1.st 1807

THE

LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE

MAGAZINE,

FOR MARCH, 1807.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS MEN.

The Fifth Number.

HIS LATE ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE WILLIAM HENRY, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.

HIS Royal Highness the late DUKE of GLOUCESTER, brother to his present Majesty, was born on the 25th of November 1743. He was the third son of Frederick Prince of Wales, and, as is usual with the junior branches of the Royal Family, embraced the military for his profession. In 1762 his Royal Highness was elected and installed a Knight of the most noble order of the Garter; and soon after the King presented him with the Rangership of Hampton Court Park. On his coming of age in 1764, his Majesty was pleased to grant to him and his heirs male the dignity of a Duke of the kingdom of Great Britain, and an Earl of Ireland, by the style and title of Duke of Gloucester and Edinburgh, and Earl of Connaught. About the same time he was sworn a Member of the Privy Council, and in January 1765 took his seat in the House of Peers. He was likewise appointed Colonel of the 15th regiment of foot, and had an income of twelve thousand pounds per annum settled on him by Parliament.

On the 6th of September 1766, his Royal Highness was married privately to Maria Countess Dowager of Waldegrave, and daughter of Sir Edward Walpole, Knight of the Bath, by whom he had issue, Sophia Matilda, born May 29, 1773; Caroline Augusta Maria, born June 24, 1774, who died March 14, 1775, and was buried in St. George's Chapel, Windsor; and his Highness Prince William Frederick, the present Duke of Gloucester, born at Rome, January 15, 1776. As this marriage was deemed contrary to the received maxims of state policy on such points, it was kept secret for some years; and after he thought proper to declare it, his Royal Highness resided for some time abroad, chiefly, we believe, in Italy, in the ecclesiastical states, where, though a Protestant Prince, he was received by the head of the Roman church with all the marks of respect due to his exalted birth. It may not be improper to remark here, that his Royal Highness's marriage, and that of the late Duke of Cumberland, under nearly similar circumstances, produced the memorable statute 12 Geo. III. by which the descendants of George II. except the issue of such Princesses as are married to foreign Princes, are restrained

from contracting marriage without the consent of his Majesty and the Privy Council *.

His Royal Highness leading a retired life, we have little more to record of him than a list of his preferments. On the death of his brother the Duke of York, in 1767, he was made Keeper of Cranbourn Lodge, in Windsor Forest; and the following year was raised to the rank of Major-General, and had the command of the 3d regiment of Foot Guards conferred upon him. In 1770, he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-General, and to the command of the 1st regiment of Foot Guards. In 1771, he was appointed Warden and Keeper of the New Forest, Hampshire; in 1772, advanced to the rank of General of his Majesty's forces; and died senior Field Marshal of the British army. His Royal Highness was likewise Chancellor of the university of Dublin, and President and Patron of the London Hospital.

As the Duke of Gloucester never appeared conspicuously as a public character, we have but few observations to offer on him. Distinguished more for equanimity than splendour of talents, he carefully avoided entering into party intrigues, or political discussions, and at all times exhibited the most respectful and affectionate attachment to his Sovereign. His manners were in a high degree praise-worthy and engaging; he was affable to his acquaintance, condescending and generous to his inferiors, and deservedly acquired the esteem and love of all who had the honour of access to his person. The charities of his Royal Highness were extensive; he was the liberal supporter of every institution calculated to alleviate the afflictions of the miserable, and promote the interests of society; but the modest reserve and unassuming mildness of his temper kept many instances of his generosity from coming to the knowledge of the public. With a disposition so excellent, it need not excite surprise that the death of this amiable Prince, which took place August 25, 1805, should have excited universal regret.

His Royal Highness bore a long and painful illness of seven weeks, with the utmost meekness and serenity of temper, and met the approaches of death with piety and resignation. According to his dying request, his funeral was conducted with as little parade and ostentation, as was consistent with his high rank. His remains were interred, by his own desire, in the same vault with those of his infant daughter, in St. George's Chapel, Windsor; and the present Duke of Gloucester, with a filial reverence, superior to the cold rules of etiquette, which must ever be honourable to his character, assisted as chief mourner on the melancholy occasion.

* For a further account of this act, vide p. 3.

HISTORY.

OF THE HINDU NATION.

(*Continued from page* 194.)

ONE of the most remarkable peculiarities of the Hindu system is the division of their nation into tribes or casts. Their religious tenets teach, that the four great casts, into which their nation at the present day is divided, proceeded from the *mouth*, the *arm*, the *thigh*, and the *foot* of *Brahma*.

The *Brahmen* cast proceeded from the mouth of *Brahma*; they were declared by the Divinity himself to be at the head of the creation. The most honourable employments were assigned them; they were appointed hereditary ministers of religion; a superstitious veneration for their persons was inculcated as one of the most solemn obligations of religion; Kings were commanded to humble themselves before them; and though convicted of "all possible crimes," the sword of justice was not to be drawn against

them*. "No greater crime," says Menu, "is known in the world than slaying a Brahmen; and a King therefore must not even form in his mind the idea of killing a priest."

The *Cshatriya* cast proceeded from the arm of *Brahma;* to them, as next in rank to the priesthood, were assigned the duties of government, the administration of justice, and the exercise of arms. They were destined to be the kings, the magistrates, and the soldiers of the community.

The *Vaisya* cast proceeded from the thigh of Brahma, and they were enjoined the cultivation of the land, the care of cattle, and commercial pursuits.

The *Sudra* cast proceeded from the foot of Brahma, and they were created for the purpose of serving the three superior orders of the community †.

At the present day, subordinate to these four great original tribes, is a fourth or adventitious cast denominated *Burrun Sunker.* This again is subdivided into as many separate casts as there are trades or occupations to be exercised by its members. There is likewise an almost endless variety of mixed classes produced by intermarriages between the tribes, and to each of them are assigned distinct occupations, and a particular rank in the state. In this manner the offspring of a *Brahmen* by a *Cshatriya* woman, occupies a middle rank between the casts of his father and mother; and the station of the son descends according to the degrees of difference between the casts of the parents, provided the father be of a superior cast; but the offspring of a woman by a man of an inferior cast, is degraded below the station of both his parents, and permitted to follow none but mean and degrading employments ‡.

All authorities concur in placing the *Chandala* tribe, the offspring of a *Brahmeni* mother by a *Sudra* father, in the lowest order of the classes. To this unhappy class of beings are assigned the vilest and most disgusting occupations. They are the public executioners, and bury such as die without kindred. They are not permitted to inhabit the cities, but must take up their abode in private and unfrequented places. On the Coromandel and Malabar coast this degraded race of men are called *Pariars;* and if one of them approach a *Nayr,* or warrior of high cast, the soldier may put him to death with impunity. It is impossible to express the sensations of horror and ignominy which the name *Pariar,* or *Chandala,* conveys to the mind of a pious Hindu. Those who wilfully transgress the rules and institutions of their cast sink into this degraded situation. But the loss of cast being attended with the most terrible circumstances of disgrace, and the annihilation of all human comfort and respectability, the Hindu will patiently submit to any punishment, even to the loss of life, rather than violate the rules of his class; and this severity with regard to casts prevails in a great degree to the present day, notwithstanding the cruel persecutions the Hindus have suffered, at various times, from the fanaticism of their Mahometan conquerors, and the evil example of relaxed morals more recently afforded them by their European masters.

No Hindu, however excellent his character, or useful his life, can be admitted into a cast superior to that in which he was born; nor is he permitted, except in cases of urgent necessity, to follow any other profession than that to which he was destined by his birth; in which case he must endeavour to subsist by the occupations peculiar to the cast next in rank to his own. A *Brahmen,* unable to subsist by his priesthood, may turn soldier or physician; a *Cshatriya* may turn merchant, or husbandman; and a *Vaisya* may descend to become a servant; but no man of a lower class is ever permitted to aspire to the employments of a higher.

This division of the Hindu nation into tribes, by the express ordinance and creation, as they believe, of the Divine Being himself, prevents them, contrary to the practice of all other religions, from receiving proselytes to their faith; but they entertain the enlightened and benevolent sentiment, that the Governor of the Universe beholds with equal satisfaction the several forms of worship, by which he is addressed, provided they flow from a sincere heart; and they maintain, "that heaven is like a palace with many doors, and every one may enter in his own way *."

The *Brahmens* teach the doctrine of the transmigration of the soul; and hold that a man, who has lived virtuously in this life, is admitted at his death to the regions of celestial happiness, and having there enjoyed for an immensity of years the reward of his good actions, he is born again, until after repeated births he becomes purified from all taints and corruptions contracted

* Institutes of Menu, Works of Sir W. Jones, Vol. III. p. 328.

† Colebrooke's "Enumeration of India Classes," Asiatic Researches, Sup. to Sir W. J. Vol. II. p. 844.

‡ Halhed's "Code of Gentoo Laws." Prelim. Dissert. p. xlvii.

* Dow's Hist. of Hindost. Prelim. Dissert. p. xxx.

n a sublunary state of existence, and is at length absorbed in the *Divine Essence*.* On the contrary, those who have provoked the divine displeasure by their crimes, are delivered up at their deaths to a variety of punishments, according to the magnitude of their offences; and afterwards are born again with the bodies of vegetables, insects, ravenous animals, or men of the lowest cast, in proportion to the nature of their several transgressions. Thus the slayer of a *Brahmen*, according to the heightening or palliating circumstances of his crime, is supposed to enter the body of a dog, a boar, an ass, a camel, a bull, a goat, a sheep, a stag, a *Chandala*, or a *Puccassa*†; and a priest who has drank spirituous liquor, which is accounted a crime inferior only to the murder of a Brahmen, migrates into the form of a smaller or larger worm; of an insect feeding on odure; or of some ravenous animal‡. Many of their transmigrations have a fanciful and ludicrous relation to the crime which they are intended to punish. For example, if a man steal grain, he will be born, they affirm, a rat; if flesh meat, a vulture; if honey, a gnat; and for certain crimes, they believe that the offender at his next birth from a man will become a woman; and in some instances, a female is supposed in her regenerate state to become a man, and a *Mileetch*, or infidel, a *Brahmen*||.

Connected with the doctrine of transmigration, the superstitious Hindus believe, that the various maladies which afflict the human frame are punishments for crimes committed in a former state of existence, which must be expiated by acts of rigorous penance and devotion, before the sufferer can be restored to health. Dumbness, according to their system, is the punishment of an unauthorized reader of the scripture; blindness that of a stealer of lamps; an adulterer is punished with an infirmity in the offending parts; and a horse-stealer with lameness. The head-ach is a punishment for having spoken, in a former state of existence, irreverently to a father or mother; madness for the crime of filial disobedience, and epilepsy for having administered poison to any one at the command of another. In short, there are few diseases to which the human frame is subject, which the Brahmens do not believe to have proceeded from the sins of a former life; and are to be removed only by a course of religious ceremonies and observances. These remedies are solely in the hands of the sacerdotal class, and among a timorous and superstitious people, probably form no inconsiderable part of the emoluments of their profession.

The ancient faith of the *Hindus* consisted, we have shewn, in the knowledge, love, and adoration of a Supreme Being; and the same sublime truth forms the fundamental tenet of the creed of the learned *Brahmens* of the present day; but the faith and worship of by far the largest portion of the nation are degraded by polytheism, the adoration of offensive images, and the practice of horrid and revolting superstitions. The creative, preservative, and destructive powers of the Divinity, are personified in the triple appearance of *Brahma*, *Vishnu*, and *Siva*, which are to be seen in most Hindu temples; and subordinate to these, their mythology contains an almost countless host of inferior divinities, which in their attributes, qualities, and symbols, bear a wonderful resemblance to the deities of Greece and Italy: so strong, indeed, in many instances, that it is scarcely possible to doubt but that they derived their existence from one common origin*.

What the Greeks supposed to be performed by the power of Jupiter, Mars, Apollo, Vulcan, Cupid, and Neptune, the Hindus ascribe to the agency of *Indra*, the lord of the sky; of *Carticeya*, the commander of celestial armies; of *Crishna*†, the wonderful shepherd of *Mat'hura*;

* Bhagvat Geeta, p. 67.

† A cast one gradation superior to the Chandala tribe, whose employment is to kill wild beasts. Sir W. J. Vol. III. p. 390.

‡ Ib. p. 451.

|| Ayeen Akbery, Vol. II. p. 442.

* "Discourse of the Gods of Greece, Italy, and India." Sir W. J. Vol. I. p. 229, et seq.

† *Crishna*, or the shepherd god, also the divine personage of that sublime poem the *Bhagvat Geeta*, is one of the most popular of the deities of India. The general outline of his story, as well as his name, has some resemblance to that of our Saviour, which induced M. Volney to believe that the Christian Messiah could be no other person than the *Hindu* Apollo. The incarnate deity of the *Hindu* mythology, like the author of the Christian dispensation, was cradled among herdsmen; a tyrant, at the time of his birth, ordered all new born babes to be slain, but this wonderful babe was preserved by biting the breast, instead of sucking the poisoned nipple of the nurse appointed to destroy him. He performed amazing, but ridiculous, miracles in his infancy, and at the end of seven years held up a mountain on the tip of his little finger. He also saved multitudes, partly by his arms, and partly by his miraculous powers; he raised the dead by descending for that purpose to the lowest regions; he was the meekest and best-tempered of beings,

of *Agni*, the god of fire and forger of celestial arms; of *Cama*, the inflamer or seducer of hearts; and a variety of other divinities, to all of whom altars are erected, and religious honours paid.

The Hindus have likewise a number of female divinities whom they worship, as *Lacshmi*, the goddess of abundance, who is represented with full breasts, and a cord twisted under her arm, and bears a striking resemblance to the old Grecian and Roman figures of Ceres. *Sereswati*, the patroness of science, may be considered as the Minerva of India; and *Bhavani*, the goddess of fecundity, as the Venus. To these might be added a multitude of other divinities, male and female; *Devatas*, angels, or subordinate celestial beings; *Asoors*, or evil spirits; heavenly nymphs, and beatified saints, the heterogeneous progeny of poetry and superstition. All these have their respective images and several modes of worship; and the *Brahmens* employed in their temples, derive large revenues from the credulity and enthusiasm of their votaries. In addition to this host of deities most of the pagodas of India exhibit, as objects of adoration, in their interior recesses, the *Lingam*, and *Yoni*, or *Bhaga*, the obscene emblems of the productive powers of nature.

A system of superstition assigning a ruling divinity to the various operations of nature, necessarily produces a vast diversity of ceremonies and observances to propitiate the favour of the regent deities, or to deprecate their displeasure. Hence probably arose the rigorous penances and austere mortifications of the *Hindus*; their voluntary tortures; and the practice of suicide, which in many instances they consider as in the highest degree meritorious; for though an amiable sentiment of benevolence towards all living creatures is, at present, a most distinguished feature of the Hindu character, there is reason to believe that formerly their altars were bathed with the blood not only of animals, but of human victims*; and the horrid custom still prevails of the widow ascending the funeral pile of her departed husband. Some writers have supposed, that the custom of Indian widows burning themselves alive with the bodies of their dead husbands, originated in the disloyalty of certain wives, who poisoned theirs in order to enjoy their paramours; and that to prevent so dangerous a practice, the *Brahmens* enacted a law, which commanded the widow to commit herself to the flames with her husband's corpse, or doomed her to a life of mortification and contempt*. But this conjecture is unsupported by any *Sanscrit* authorities; and the modern *Brahmens* involve the matter in much obscurity and doubt, as one of the sacred and indivulgable mysteries of their religion. It is certain, however, that the practice has prevailed in India from the most remote antiquity; and the highest celestial rewards and enjoyments are held out as encouragements to the woman who has the courage to submit to the painful sacrifice. But under certain circumstances a woman is disqualified from this awful testimony of conjugal affection; as when a mother has an infant that cannot otherwise be taken care of, or is pregnant, in which case she must not ascend the funeral pile; nor is she afterwards allowed to destroy herself, for it is a *Hindu* maxim, that "what was prevented in season may not afterwards be resumed." If there be a plurality of wives, the chief only ascends the pile, but the others may, *meritoriously*, devote themselves to death, by throwing themselves into the flames, after it has been set on fire. When a widow declares her intention of burning herself with the dead body of her husband, she is required to give some token of her resolution, which generally consists in the application of fire to her flesh; but if, after that, the love of life should tempt her to recede from her engagement, her relations may compel her to complete the sacrifice. This may serve to explain some circumstances described by those who have been eye witnesses of the melancholy scene, who have represented the trembling, reluctant victim as dragged by force to the pile, and unwillingly devoted to a cruel and barbarous death†. But at the present day force is not per-

washed the feet of *Brahmens*, and preached very nobly and sublimely, but always in their favour. He was pure and chaste in reality, but exhibited the appearance of excessive libertinism, and had wives and mistresses too numerous to be counted: lastly, he was benevolent and tender, but fomented and conducted a terrible war. Sir W. J. Vol. I. p. 278. Baldæus in Church. Collect. Vol. III. p. 762, et seq.

* Supplement to Sir W. J. Vol. II. p. 1057. Translations of the "*Calica Puran*."

* Lord's "Discovery of the Banian Religion," in Church. Collect. Vol. VI. p. 334.

† Bernier (vide Church. Collect. Vol. VIII.) saw a young widow at Lahore with whom force was used. She appeared, to this accurate traveller, not to be more than twelve years of age. When she came near the pile she shook and wept bitterly, and seemed more dead than alive. Meanwhile three or four *Brahmens*, with an old woman, that held her under the arm, thrust her upon the pile, and made her sit down and lean

mitted in any of those parts of India that are subject either to Mahometan or Christian governments, and there is reason to suppose that the practice does not prevail to any great extent.

The practice, however, of self-immolation is not confined to the widowed females of *Hindustan* alone, but may, with the full sanction of their religion, be executed by persons of either sex. The author of the *Ayeen Akbery* enumerates five kinds of suicide that are deemed meritorious by the *Hindus*. These are *fasting to death; consuming in a fire made of cow-dung; burying in snow;* praying in the *Ganges*, until *devoured by alligators; cutting his throat at Allahabat*, at the confluence of the *Ganges* and the *Jumna* *. When a person's life is despaired of, his relations usually carry him to the bank of some river, of which the Ganges is the most esteemed, and putting his feet into the water, gradually slide him down to his throat, and when they think him on the point of expiring, they sink him quite under the water, believing that by thus accelerating the stroke of death, the soul will be washed from those impurities which it may have contracted in the body.

All the provinces of India abound with a numerous and most extraordinary race of voluntary penitents, who are called by the Mahometan writers *Fakeers*, and by the natives *Yogees*, or devout men united to God. There are no established rules for the order or government of this religious fraternity; it is open alike to the pious and enthusiastic of every cast; and those only are superior among them, who distinguish themselves beyond their fellow saints in the mortification of their lives, and the severity of their self-inflicted tortures. *Calanus*, who committed himself to the flames in the presence of the army of Alexander, on the plains of Babylon †, probably belonged to this sect of devotees: and no doubt can be entertained that *the Gymnosophists*, whom Arrian has described as basking in the winter in the sunshine, and in the summer frequenting cool and marshy places, or seeking the impervious shade of large trees, some of which Nearchus affirmed covered a space of five acres, and were capable of affording an agreeable shelter to an army of ten thousand men, were of the same race as the *Fakeers* or *Yogees* of modern India ‡.

The tree to which the Greek historian here alludes is evidently the *Ficus Indica*, the *Arbor de rais*, of the Portuguese, or *Banian tree*, of English travellers, under the shade of whose widely extended branches, the devotees of India perform their austere rites, and which is thus admirably described by Milton, in the ninth book of his Paradise Lost, as,

" The fig-tree, not that kind for fruit renown'd,
But such as at this day, to Indians known,
In Malabar or Deccan spreads her arms,
Branching so broad and long, that in the ground
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother tree, a pillar'd shade
High overarch'd, and echoing walks between:
There oft the Indian herdsman shunning heat,
Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds,
In loop-holes cut through thickest shades."

Under the friendly shade of these trees, the *Yogees* usually take up their abode, abandoning all the indulgencies of life, and practising the most horrid mortifications. Some keep their hands perpetually clenched above their heads, until, in process of time, their nails penetrate through the flesh, and their arms become withered and immovable for want of exercise and circulation: others stand for the most part motionless, with their faces turned to the sun, in which posture an Arabian traveller, who visited India in the ninth century, saw a penitent, and was astonished to find, on his return to the same place, after an absence of sixteen years, that the *Yogee* continued in the same attitude, and had not been deprived of his eye-sight by the heat of the sun *. Some inter themselves under ground for many days, leaving only a small hole through which they breathe and receive nourishment: others bury themselves in the earth up to the neck. Some stand for hours on their heads, with their legs sustained in the air by cords, and fires during the hottest weather blazing around them: others constrain themselves to stand for years on their feet, taking no other repose than what they can obtain by leaning for some hours of the night against the trunk of a tree, and having their bodies supported by chains or cords. Many turn their faces over one shoulder, and keep them fixed in that position, until they are incapable of returning them to their natural situation: others fix their eyes on the point of their nose, till they have lost the power of looking in any other direction. These last pretend to see what they call the sacred fire, which vision, no doubt, pro-

she should attempt to run away, she tied her legs and arms, and so burnt her alive. See also Howell, p. 92.

* Ayeen Akbery, Vol. II. p. 531.

† Arrian de Exped. Alex. Lib. vii. c. 3.

‡ Arrian de Rebus Indicus, c. xi.

* Renaudot's " Ancient Accounts of India and China," p. 32.

ceeds from some disorder arising from the distortion of the optic nerves*. In short, if we may believe the concurrent testimonies of the most respectable writers, there is no posture, however constrained or difficult, no action, however ridiculous or painful, which the fanaticism of these devotees has not led them to adopt; and the more excruciating and unnatural their sufferings, the higher do they stand in the estimation of their wondering and applauding countrymen †. Many of these penitents go without clothes, and suffer the hair of their bodies to grow until it assumes the most loathsome and disgusting appearance. Their food consists wholly of vegetable productions, served up in the most simple manner, and taken in quantities barely sufficient to preserve life. As the nature of their penances renders many of them incapable of supplying themselves with food, they would perish amidst the greatest abundance, but that they find ready and attentive servants in the multitudes whom curiosity or devotion attract to their sacred groves, and who believe that they render an acceptable service to the divinity, by performing the most menial offices about the persons of these his peculiar favourites.

Beside the *Yogees* who spend their lives under the shade of the Banian tree, or attached to some shrine or image celebrated for its sanctity, there is another numerous race of *Fakeers*, who perform long pilgrimages, and emulate their brethren of the groves and temples, in acts of self-mortification and torture. These devotees sometimes assemble together in armies of ten or twelve thousand, and fill with consternation and dismay the peaceful inhabitants of the provinces through which they pass. The most pious of them, that is those who inflict the harshest punishments on themselves, are attended by a number of disciples, who revere them as their spiritual teachers, and serve them with unwearied zeal and fidelity, until, after a long and painful period of probation, they themselves become Fakeers of similar importance, attract to themselves new followers, and receive from them similar displays of veneration and attachment.

(To be continued.)

* Dow's Hist. of Hindost. Prelim. Dissert. p. xxxiii.

† Bernier's Voyage to Surat: Fryer's Travels, p. 102. Roger "Theatre de l'Idolatrie," liv. ii. c. 17. Voyage de Sonnerat, liv. iii. c. 6.

STATE OF SOCIETY, MANNERS, &c.

LAPLAND.

LAPLAND is divided into three parts, one of which belongs to the crown of Sweden, another to that of Denmark, and a third to the empire of Russia. That which belongs to Sweden is the most valuable, and extends from the gulf of Bothnia in the Baltic sea, to the mountains which separate Norway from Sweden. The Laplanders call themselves *Salme Same*, and *Samen Almatjeh*. Their country they denominate *Same Landa*, or *Sameardam*; the Swedes style it Lapland, or Lappmarken, and the inhabitants Lappar. The natives of those regions which are subject to Denmark or Sweden profess the Lutheran religion, while many of those who are under the government of Russia still remain Pagans. Swedish Lapland, which is about 100 German miles in length and 90 in breadth, contains no more than eight churches, and these in some parts lie at so great a distance from each other, that a native is frequently obliged to travel three days in order to attend divine service.

The Laplanders are supposed to have descended from the Finlanders, driven out of their own country, and were called *Lappas*, a name which signifies exiles. The country, in general, is very thinly peopled, and is not supposed to contain a population of more than 60,000 inhabitants. Its aspect is sterile, composed of mountains heaped on each other to a prodigious height, and covered with eternal snow; or vallies, clothed in the summer season with a scanty verdure, and strewed over with detached masses of granite. The inland parts of the country are overspread with immense tracts of forests, consisting chiefly of firs, larches, and small beech interspersed with numerous lakes, which abound with fish. The Laplanders know but two seasons, summer and winter. The winter is long and tedious; the snow frequently begins to fall towards the end of August, and remains upon the ground till the middle of May. The cold during this season is intense, and, for three months in

the year, the sun never rises above their horizon.

In their persons the Laplanders are of a low stature, seldom exceeding four feet and a half in height; their faces flat, with high cheek bones, long black hair, and complexions of a mahogany hue. The women are disagreeable in their features, but have so gentle and complaisant a manner, that their behaviour does not fail soon to remove the prejudice which their first appearance may excite against them. Both sexes are of a mild and timid disposition, and have the greatest affection for their native country. On this account Lapland furnishes no military recruits, and Thomson, in his Winter, well describes its inhabitants, when he says,

——— Wisely they
Despise th' insensate barbarous trade of war:
They ask no more than simple nature gives,
They love their mountains, and enjoy their storms.
No false desires, no pride created wants,
Disturb the peaceful current of their time;
And thro' the restless ever tortured maze
Of pleasure and ambition, bid it rage.
Their rein-deer form their riches. These their tents,
Their robes, their beds, and all their homely wealth
Supply; their wholesome fare and chearful cups.
Obsequious to their call, the docile tribe
Yield to the sledge their necks, and whirl them swift
O'er hill and dale, heap'd into one expanse
Of marbled snow, as far as eye can sweep,
With a blue crest of ice unbounded glaz'd.
By dancing meteors then, that ceaseless shake
A waving blaze refracted o'er the heavens,
And vivid moons, and stars that keener play
With doubled lustre from the glossy waste,
Even in the depth of *Polar night*, they find
A wond'rous day; enough to light the chace,
Or guide their daring steps to *Finland* fairs.
Wish'd spring returns; and from the hazy south,
While dim Aurora slowly moves before,
The welcome sun, just verging up at first,
By small degrees extends the swelling curve!
Till seen at last for gay rejoicing months,
Still round and round his spiral course he winds,
And as he nearly dips his flaming orb,
Wheels up again, and re-ascends the sky.
In that glad season from the lakes and floods,
Where pure Niemi's* fairy mountains rise,
And fring'd with roses Tenglio* rolls his stream,
They draw the copious fry. With these, at eve
They chearful loaded to their tents repair:
Where, all day long in useful cares employ'd,
Their kind, unblemish'd wives the fire prepare.
Thrice happy race! by poverty secur'd
From legal plunder and rapacious pow'r:
In whom fell interest never yet has sown
The seeds of vice: whose spotless swains ne'er knew
Injurious deed, nor, blasted by the breath
Of faithless love, their blooming daughter's woe.

The Laplanders live partly in settled habitation: and in part are wild and roving, like some of the Tartar tribes. The latter live chiefly in the mountains, or the woods, and their dwellings are tents made with coarse cloth. The former are fixed in small villages near the lakes, and subsist principally by fishing. They build their cottages somewhat in the shape of a cone, by placing a circle of large trees or poles aslant in the earth, and close to each other, so that their tops meet, and form a small vent for the issue of the smoke. The floor is covered with branches of beech trees to keep them from wet, over which are spread bear, or rein-deer skins, which serve both for beds and chairs.

Beside these huts, they have store-houses, where they keep their flesh, fish, and other provisions. These are commonly erected with wood on the trunk of a tree, after all the branches are cut off, somewhat after the fashion of our dove-cots built upon posts, so that they are about nine or ten feet from the ground. The door is at the bottom like a trap-door, and they have access to it by steps cut out in the trunk of the tree like a ladder. These storehouses are designed to secure their provisions from wild beasts, and to prevent their climbing up the steps are kept constantly greased.

In the summer the clothes of the men are made of coarse woollen cloth, and consist of

* M. de Maupertuis, in his book on the figure of the earth, after having described the beautiful lake and mountains of Niemi, in Lapland, says, "From this height, we had opportunity several times to see those vapours rise from the lake which the people of the country call *Haltios*, and which they deem to be the guardian spirits of the mountains. We had been frighted with stories of bears that haunted this place, but saw none. It seemed rather a place of resort for fairies and genii than bears."

* The same author observes, "I was surprised to see upon the banks of this river (Tenglio) roses of as lively a hue as any that are in our gardens."

close trowsers reaching down to their feet, and a coat or loose garment, reaching to the middle of the leg, and tied round the waist with a girdle. The girdle is generally leather, studded with tin, and a tin buckle; but the more opulent Laplanders decorate theirs with silver studs, which resemble a semicircular button. At the girdle hangs a knife in a sheath, a pouch rather longer than broad, a purse, and a case with needles and thread. The knives are brought from Norway, and the sheath, which is made of rein-deer's skin, is sewed together with tin wire thread, and embroidered with the same, and at the end of which hang several rings. The pouch is also made of rein-deer skins, the hairy side outwards; over which is another skin of the same size, and this again they cover with red, green, or blue cloth, ornamented with tin-wire thread. In this pouch they keep a crystal stone with which they strike fire, a steel with some matches, some tobacco, and other odd things. Their purse is of the shape of a pear, ornamented at the end with abundance of rings, and contains their money and trinkets. Besides these, they wear brass chains and rings on the girdle and other parts of their dress. On their heads they wear a cap, which the richer Laplanders cover with some skin.

The women, in summer, wear long coats, which cover their breasts, arms, and whole body, being laid in plaits from the middle downwards. These are called *Volpi*, and are worn over their bare skins, having no linen. The women also wear girdles, but broader than the men's, and, instead of studs, ornamented with plates a finger's length or more, on which are engraved birds, flowers, or the like; these are fastened upon leather, so close to each other, that the whole girdle seems to be but one piece of tin. The richer class ornament theirs with silver. From their girdles hang an abundance of brass chains, on one of which are hung a knife and sheath, on another a pouch, on another a needle-case, and on all abundance of brass rings, which are all hung before; and altogether weigh about 20lbs. or more. They also wear a tippet, made of coloured cloth, which surrounds the neck about a hand's breadth, and coming down on both sides below the breasts, ends in a narrow point. This they ornament with many studs upon the breast, and sometimes about the neck, engraved with all sorts of figures, and with small chains hanging on them. On their heads they wear a kind of round cap or bonnet, flat at the top; on their legs stockings that reach only just below the ancle; and on their feet shoes like the men. In the winter, their garments are like those of the men, both sexes wearing breeches in cold weather.

In the Flora Lapponica, Linnæus says, "Perhaps the curious reader will wonder how the people in Lapland, during the terrible cold that reigns there in winter, can preserve their lives; since almost all birds, and even some wild beasts, desert it at that time. The Laplander, not only in the day, but through the whole winter nights, is obliged to wander about in the woods with his herds of rein-deer. For the rein-deer never come under cover, nor eat any kind of fodder, but a particular kind of *liverwort*. On this account the herdsmen are under a necessity of living continually in the woods, in order to take care of their cattle, lest they should be devoured by wild beasts. The Laplander easily does without more light, as the snow reflects the rays that come from the stars, and the Aurora Borealis illuminates the air every night with a great variety of figures. No part of the body is more easily destroyed by cold than the extremities of the limbs, which are most remote from the sun of this microcosm, the heart. The kibes that happen to our hands and feet, so common in the northern part of Sweden, prove this. In Lapland such a thing is never seen, although, were we to judge by the situation of the country, we should imagine just the contrary. The Laplander guards himself against the cold in the following manner. He wears breeches made of rein-deer skins with the hair on, reaching down to his heels, and shoes made of the same materials, the hairy part turned outwards. He puts into his shoes *slender eared broad-leaved cyperus grass, carex vesicaria*, or the bladder carex, which is cut in summer and dried. This he first combs and rubs in his hands, and then places it in such a manner, that it not only covers his feet quite round, but his legs also; and being thus guarded, he is quite secured against the intense cold. With this grass they stuff their gloves likewise, in order to preserve their hands. As this grass keeps off the cold in winter, so in summer it keeps the feet from sweating, and at the same time preserves them from being annoyed by striking against stones, &c. for their shoes are very thin, being made, not of tanned leather, but the raw hide."

The roving Laplanders live partly upon fish, and partly upon wild fowl and wild beasts, which they catch in the forests. Among all the wild beasts, bear's flesh is esteemed the greatest delicacy. They have also certain sauces made of black-berries, strawberries, a kind of mulberry, and the like, and of the wild angelica, and the inner rind of the pine tree. This is the chief of the Laplander's diet, for bread and salt are things

known only to a few. Instead of flour, they use dried fish, which they grind to powder; and instead of salt, they season their food with the inner rind of the pine-tree, which they slice into thin pieces no thicker than parchment, dry in the sun, then put up close in boxes made of bark, bury it in the sand for twenty-four hours, kindling a good fire over the hole, which turns it red, and makes it very palatable.

Their common drink is water, which, to prevent its freezing, they keep in a kettle hanging over the fire; but they occasionally drink the water in which their fish or flesh has been boiled, and sometimes whey. Ale and beer used among other northern nations is unknown to them, being entirely destitute of the ingredients necessary to make them. But when they can afford to purchase it, French brandy is their favourite beverage, and nothing will so soon win their hearts as a present of it.

The chief employment of the men is hunting. In summer they hunt on foot with dogs, which are of a good breed both for scent and attack, and to make them fiercer, they keep them always tied up. In winter, they track the wild beasts on the snow, and follow the track with large wooden scates on their feet. Small beasts they kill with bows and arrows, the larger ones with spears and fire-arms. Ermines and beavers are caught in traps, and squirrels they kill with blunt arrows that their skins may not be injured: indeed they are careful, with pointed darts, not to strike the animal in a part that will injure the skin, and they are the best marksmen in the world. Hares are caught in snares, and whoever finds one snared will always restore it to the right owner. Bear-hunting deserves to be more particularly described. The first step they take, is to trace out the bear's retreat by his footsteps in the snow, and he who finds it is said to have *circumvented* him, and has the chief management of the hunt. The best season is about March or April, when the snow is deepest, and they can make the best use of their scates. When a den is discovered, they joyfully invite their friends and relations to the sport. When these are assembled, they fix upon a drummer, who consults his drum, whether they shall be able to kill the bear or not. If they are encouraged with the hope of success, they march in good order to the forest, he who has traced the bear being at the head of them with a spear; next to him walks the drummer; and after him, he who is to make the first attack; and so on according to the office they are to be employed in: one to kill the bear, one to boil the flesh, another to divide it, and another to fetch wood and water; and they are very particular not to encroach on one another's office. When they reach the bear's den, they fall on courageously with their spears and fire-arms, till they have killed him: and this done they sing a song in token of their victory. The skin is the property of the man who traced the bear; and the flesh, after they have eaten their fill, is divided among the hunters.

The Lsplanders are also their own boat-builders, which are made of deal, fastened or sewed together with twigs, and calked with moss. They are made about six yards long, and about one and a half broad, and are rowed with two or four oars, and are so light that one man can carry them. In these they will venture upon the most rapid rivers, generally naked in summer time to be ready for swimming in case of oversetting; and though they are timorous in other respects, when they are going to some great fair, or solemn meeting, they will pass in these boats cataracts or water-falls, without shewing the least signs of fear, alleging that they are under the protection of their genii.

They likewise make their own sledges, which resemble a boat cut in half. These are round at the bottom; the fore part is turned upwards to prevent any interruption in passing the snow; and the top covered before about a yard length with seal skin, stretched over hoops to keep out the snow, under which they stuff moss or hay to warm their feet, leaning with their backs against the upright piece at the other end. They are generally made about two yards long, and just broad and capacious enough to hold one person. The rein-deer is harnessed to it by a collar, from which a trace is brought under the belly between the legs, and fastened to the fore part of the sledge. The person who sits in it guides the animal with a cord fastened to its horns; he drives it with a goad, and encourages it with his voice. Those of the wild breed, though by far the strongest, often prove refractory, and not only refuse to obey their master, but turn against him, and strike so furiously with their feet, that his only resource is to cover himself with his sledge, upon which the enraged creature vents its fury: the tame deer, on the contrary, is patient, active, and willing. When hard pushed, the rein-deer will trot the distance of sixty miles without stopping; but in such exertions, the poor obedient creature fatigues itself so exceedingly, that its master is frequently obliged to kill it immediately, to prevent a lingering death that would ensue. In general, they can go about thirty miles without stopping, and that without any great or dangerous efforts. This mode of travelling can only be performed in the winter season, when

the face of the country is covered with snow; and, though the conveyance is speedy, it is inconvenient, dangerous, and troublesome.

The employments peculiar to the women, are making clothes and shoes for themselves and the men, and harness for the rein-deer. Their thread is made of rein-deer nerves, which are beaten and prepared like flax. Some of these threads they cover with tin wire like our silver threads. They also spin wool for swaddling clothes, and knit their white hare's fur into caps, which are softer than swan's down, and worn by the women as a defence against the cold. The women also assist the men in fishing.

The amusements of the Lapanders are not many. At their public meetings and fairs, which are held chiefly in the winter for the convenience of travelling, they have some sports peculiar to the men, and others for the diversion of both sexes. The men frequently exercise their agility in jumping over a line tied up at certain heights, or over ditches and rivulets; and also at shooting with a bow and arrow, and wrestling. The women, as well as the men, play at a kind of trap-ball; cards also make a part of their amusements, and their games are similar to those of more refined countries.

When a young Laplander intends to marry, he looks out for a maid well stocked with rein-deer, for it is the custom in Lapland for parents to present their children, as soon as born, with one or more rein-deer, which with all their increase belong to the children; so that by the time a girl is 18 or 20 years old, if she has had good fortune, she will be possessed of a numerous herd; and the more rein-deer a woman possesses, the sooner she may hope for a lover. When a Laplander has found out a mistress to his mind, he takes a journey to her father, accompanied by his own father, if alive, if not, by two or three persons whom he thinks will be best received, and most likely to recommend his suit. When they reach the end of their journey, they are all invited to come in, except the young man, who remains without, until he also is invited to come in; for, without an express invitation, it is considered as impolite for him to enter with the rest. After they have raised their spirits with brandy, which they bring with them as a present, and call *the wine of good success*, they proceed to business. If the application prove successful, the young man is called in, and salutes his mistress, which is done not only by pressing their lips but their noses together. Whenever they pay a visit to their mistress, they carry brandy with them as a present, with tobacco, or other articles which they esteem; but should there afterwards arise any difference, or the young woman's father retract his promise, he is obliged by law to pay for all the brandy and other things presented, except what was drank at the first meeting. Their marriages are solemnized in church after the Lutheran form, and the ceremony is always followed by a feast, to which each of the guests brings his own share of provisions.

Their funerals likewise are performed according to the rites of the Lutheran church, and when the body is put into the ground, the sledge and clothes of the deceased are left upon the grave, lest any infection should remain in them. The third day after the funeral, they have a feast, where the chief dish is the flesh of that very rein-deer which drew the body to the grave, and which is killed for the purpose, and eaten in memory of the deceased, by all his kindred and relations. The bones of the rein-deer are afterwards collected, and buried in a box. Those who live at a great distance from a church, bury their dead in their sledges, in the first convenient place; and some put into the sledge with them a hatchet, flint, and steel, conceiving, that as they are to wander through dark places, they will have occasion for light, and also for a hatchet to open themselves a way to heaven through the woods.

In no country are the people more superstitious than in Lapland. They have a firm belief in familiar spirits and sorcery; and, even at the present day, practise many magical ceremonies. Their magical drum demands particular notice. This is an instrument resembling our kettle drums, but of an oval form. On the skin they draw, with red paint, various figures of their ancient deities, as well as of our Saviour, the apostles, sun, moon, stars, birds, beasts, &c. Whenever they are disposed to beat this drum for the purpose of divination, they place a large brass ring with several small ones strung on it, on a figure drawn for the sun, in the centre of the skin that covers the drum, which when beaten, dances over the figures, and according to its progress the sorcerer prognosticates. These drums are consulted on all the important transactions of their lives. They are considered as sacred things, are always carefully wrapped up, and never suffered to be touched by a marriageable woman.

On the whole, however, the inhabitants of Lapland are an innocent and harmless race of people, strangers indeed to the enjoyments and refinements of happier climates, but strangers at the same time to their vices and disorders.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

ON THE POETIC OF ARISTOTLE.

IN our last number we presented our readers with an analysis of the earlier chapters of Aristotle's Poetic, interspersed with such observations as we hoped might conduce to the illustration of the subject on which that great critic exercised his pen. For the present, and in some future numbers we will pursue the same path.

Aristotle, after speaking of the original causes on which in our last number we ventured to animadvert, goes on to observe upon the nature of the effects which those causes produced. The endeavours, says he, to which those causes gave rise, expanded and by degrees gave birth to poetry. Poetry at first divided itself into two branches, corresponding with the genius of the authors: the heroic, which was consecrated to the panegyric of gods and heroes—the satirical, which painted vicious men. In course of time, epic poetry, leading from recital to action, produced tragedy; and satire, by the same process, gave birth to comedy. Tragedy and comedy having once shown themselves, those whose genius led them to one or other of these two branches, began some to write comedies instead of satires, and others to compose tragedies instead of heroic poems: because these new productions were more striking, and gave greater celebrity to the poets. This remark of his makes it clear, that among the Greeks, as well as among us, dramatic poetry was always placed in the first rank. One may also observe, that among the different kinds of Greek poetry of which Aristotle promised that he would in another part of his treatise take more ample notice, there are some of which there remains to us no single monument, the dithyrambs, the satires, the nomes, and the mimes. What he may have said on these subjects, it is impossible for us now to ascertain, because that part of the treatise in which his observations were to have been transmitted to us, has been unfortunately lost. As far as we can now learn, the dithyrambs were originally meant to celebrate the exploits of Bacchus, and afterwards extended themselves to analogous subjects, that is, to the panegyric of other illustrious men. Personal satires, it is known, were made by Archilochus, Hipponax, and several others: but the Greeks gave the name of satire to dramas also, which had a sort of licentious and burlesque gaiety. The Cyclop of Euripides is the only drama of this kind which has come down to us; and it certainly does not inspire us with any very deep regret for the loss of the others. The nome was a religious poem, composed for solemn occasions; and the mimes appear, from some passages in ancient authors, to have been poems of great licentiousness.

Aristotle says but little of comedy and epic poetry in this part of the work, because he intended to treat those subjects at large in the subsequent portion of his treatise. According to him, epic poetry, like tragedy, is an imitation of the beautiful by discourse; and the great point in which it differs from tragedy is, that its imitations are effected by recital, and not by action. To this difference of form, it joins a difference of extent; for the extent of an epic poem is quite indeterminate, while tragedy endeavours to comprise itself in one circuit of the sun, or a little more. It is evident that Aristotle is here very far from being chargeable with that rigorous pedantry which so many people have imputed to his principles. He leaves this reasonable latitude to what is called the rule of the four-and-twenty hours; a latitude indeed, without which it would be necessary to abandon many interesting subjects. Thus he does not ascribe more consequence to the calculation of time than seems to be fair and reasonable.

As to epic poetry compared with tragedy, he very judiciously says, "All that is in epic poetry "is in tragedy also, but all that is in tragedy is not "in epic poetry." He considers the latter as susceptible of prose or verse indifferently: an opinion which has not by any means been adopted by the moderns. Some persons have made indeed considerable efforts to support it: but it is in general regarded as a paradox, and the French Telemachus, excellent as it undoubtedly is, has never been able to obtain the title of a poem, which indeed the author himself most probably never dreamt of bestowing on it. If we investigate the reasons of this difference in opinion between the ancients and ourselves, perhaps we shall find them in the high idea which is justly attached to the rare merit of writing good verses in modern languages, where versification in general is so prodigiously difficult. It

would not be fair to prostitute the honours of so glorious an art as poetry: if a man could be a poet in prose, too many would chuse to be poets, and we must confess that there are quite enow already. Besides, it does not appear that the Romans entertained on this subject any sentiment different from our own, or that they had any idea of a poem not in verse. And it may be fairly presumed, that even among the Greeks themselves the general opinion had swallowed up the decision of Aristotle, for it is not easy to find one single passage in all the Greek authors from which it is possible to infer that a person who wrote in prose was ever considered a poet. One may quote on this occasion a jocular expression of Voltaire's, which, to be sure, ought not to be taken more seriously than he meant it, but which shows very plainly the enthusiasm that he wished a poet to feel for his art. One of his friends having opened his study-door while he was working, would have retired for fear of disturbing him. *Come in, come in*, said Voltaire to him gaily, *I am writing only vile prose.*

On comedy, Aristotle says, we know by what degrees and by what authors tragedy has been brought towards perfection. It is not so with comedy, because comedy did not attract the same attention at its outset. Nay it was not until very late that the archons gave this diversion to the people; in the first instance it was carried on by voluntary actors, who had neither the pay nor the orders of the government. But when once it had taken a certain form, it had also its authors who acquired renown. It is known that Epicharmus and Phormis were the first persons who began to put an action into it. They were both Sicilians; so that comedy is a native of Sicily. Among the Athenians, Crates was the first who quitted that kind of comedy, which, because it named persons and represented actions of real life, was called personal. This kind of composition having been forbidden by the magistrates, Crates first made the subjects of his pieces from invented names and imaginary actions.

On this there is no observation to be made, except that it was the custom of the antients to make their representations a public solemnity. Among the archons, the chief magistrates of Athens, there was one whose particular province was the direction of the plays. He used to purchase the pieces from their authors, and bring them upon the stage at the public expence. This establishment would naturally produce two effects: the one would be, that the dramatic art could not have an opportunity of perfecting itself in all its parts, not even so much as in our times, when the custom of a daily drama has given more practice to the faculties of critics, and of course has rendered them more fastidious but on the other hand, this same establishment prevented satiety, and opposed for a longer time, and with greater firmness, the progress of corruption in the art; at least we do not find that the Greeks, even after the days of Euripides and Sophocles, ever fell, as we have done, into a total forgetfulness of many rules of common sense. It was in the time of those two great men, and principally by their works, that tragedy was carried, perhaps, to its highest pitch of splendour. After various changes, says Aristotle, it has fixed itself in its present form, which is its true form; but to examine whether or not it have attained its full perfection, either taken as a stage play, or with a view to its own intrinsic capabilities, is another question. He does not think fit to enter, at least here, upon this question, which perhaps he intended to treat in that part of his work which we have lost. Besides, this caution in pronouncing, betokens a very sound mind, which was unwilling to set bounds to art or to genius.

He defines comedy to be, an imitation of the bad—not of the bad taken in all its extent, but of that which causes shame and produces ridicule. And this does indeed appear to be the principal object and distinguishing characteristic of comedy. Experience has shown the truth of the qualification which composes a part of the definition above, in the manifest failure of every author who has endeavoured to make comedy a weapon for the attack of odious vices rather than of eccentricities and foibles. When comedy invades the provinces of wickedness, she loses her brilliancy, and is no longer amusing, but disgusting.

After these general views, Aristotle begins to consider tragedy, which he appears to have regarded as the most sublime and the most difficult of all the arts of imagination. He defines it to be, the imitation of an action, serious, entire, of a certain extent, an imitation effected by discourse, of which the ornaments concur towards the object of the poem, and calculated, by the means of terror and pity, to correct those passions in our breasts.

Tragedy then is an imitation of a serious action, and that action must be entire, and of a certain extent. He explains himself by saying, I call that entire which has a beginning, a middle, and an end. As to extent, these are his ideas: Every composition, in order to merit the epithet of beautiful, whether it be an animal or production of art, ought to be well arranged in its parts, and to possess an extent suitable to their proportion; for beauty unites the ideas of magnitude and symmetry. A very little animal can-

not be beautiful, because it must be looked at closely, and the parts being too near to each other, become confused. On the other hand, an object of too great size, an animal which should be for instance a thousand stadia in length, could be seen only by parts; it would be impossible for the eye to seize the proportion or the general effect: it therefore could not be beautiful. As, therefore, in animals and in other natural bodies, a certain extent is desirable which may be seized at one view, so in the action of a poem a certain extent is desirable which may be embraced all at a time, and compose a picture in the mind. But what shall be the measure of that extent? This it is impossible strictly to decide. It is sufficient that there be an extent which gives room for the incidents to arise in a probable manner, and bring with them a revolution from happiness to sorrow, or from sorrow to happiness.

The more we reflect on these principles, the more we shall feel how firmly they are built on philosophical foundations. We are in fact capable only of a certain degree of attention, and susceptible only of a certain duration of amusement, information, and pleasure. It is the province then of taste to seize this just and necessary measure. How profound and at the same time luminous are his remarks on the nature of beauty, and the necessity of offering to the mind no more than what it can easily embrace. We are bound to confess, that to dazzle the multitude for a moment by daring thoughts, which appear to be new only because they are hardy and paradoxical, is the gift of many, many men; but to instruct posterity by sure and universal principles, which are still acknowledged as more true in proportion as they are more frequently applied; to astonish their own times, and anticipate by superior wisdom the experience of ages to come, these are the properties only of superior minds.

Aristotle comprehends in his definition, the ornaments of discourse which should concur toward the effect of the poem. These ornaments among us are only those of versification and declamation. The antients had also a sort of recitative, the music of the choruses, and the measured movements which those choruses performed. There are, says the great critic, six things in a tragedy: The plot or action, the manners or characters (for here the expressions are synonymous), the words or diction, the thoughts, the spectacle, and the song. Instead of song, say declamation, and this analysis will suit our tragedy as well as that of the antients. But let us go a little further, and then judge whether Aristotle understood tragedy or not. Of all the arts, says he, the most important is the composition of the plot or action. It is the object of tragedy; and the object in every thing is the most essential matter. Without action there is no tragedy. One may string fine maxims, bright thoughts, or gaudy expressions, without producing the effect of tragedy; and on the other hand, that effect may be produced, if even without painting manners, or tracing characters, there be but a well composed plot. It generally happens that beginners succeed better in the diction and in the manners, than in the composition of the plot.

All this is as true at this day, as it was at the time when the author wrote. That the merit of the action or interest is the first and most essential on the stage, is evident by a great number of pieces which we have considerable pleasure in seeing acted, but which we are not very apt to read.

The latter part of the definition which we have been considering has given rise to a number of disputes, and perhaps has been generally misunderstood. There is no one who does not at once ask, what is meant by the phrase, to correct, or purge (for that is the word of the Greek text), the passions of terror and pity.

In the last age, when the fashion of critics determined that the essence of all works of imagination was, above all, the inculcation of a moral, they thought this pretended rule was to be found in the passage under consideration. All the explanations were made with a view to this agreement. That of Corneille is one of the most plausible on this interpretation of the passage. "The pity," says he, "which we feel for a mis-"fortune into which we see our fellow-creatures "fall, leads us to the apprehension of a similar "calamity to ourselves, that apprehension to "the desire of avoiding it, and that desire to "the purging, moderating, rectifying, and even "eradicating in ourselves the passion which be-"fore our eyes plunges the object of our pity "into the dreaded misfortune, by this common, "but natural and indubitable reasoning, that to "do away the effect, it is necessary to retrench "the cause." This logic is extremely good; but if that had been Aristotle's meaning, he must appear to have expressed himself very awkwardly on the simplest subject in the world; for if that had been his meaning, he would have only had to say, that tragedy corrects in us, by the means of terror and pity, the passions that cause the evils whose representation produces that terror and that pity: but this is not at all what he says: he says, in direct terms, to purge, to temper, to modify, (for the Greek word may be said to present all these analogous ideas,) to purge, to temper, to modify, terror and pity

themselves: and it is by omitting to follow him word by word that the critics have missed his meaning. He means that the object of all theatrical imitation is to soften and moderate in our minds the painful sensations which terror and pity would inflict, if the actions represented were real. The idea of Aristosle, thus understood, is as just as it is clear. For who could endure, for instance, to see the woes of Œdipus or Andromache, if those woes were in reality passing before his eyes? The sight, instead of being agreeable, would be painful; and there lies the charm, the magic of imitation, which can make a pleasure of that which in any other shape would be a real pain. This is the secret of nature and art combined, which a philosopher like Aristotle was worthy to discover.

Ignorance has sometimes wished to take advantage of the contradictions which arise among men who occupy themselves in the study of antiquity. What faith, she exclaims, can be placed in them, when they do not always agree even among themselves? On this point we may appeal to the testimony of every one who has studied any language beside his own, even though that language be a living one. That study will have been sufficient to convince him that there can exist no language of which the writers do not offer some passages which to a foreigner who reads them must appear susceptible of much discussion. Much more then must we expect the same difficulties in the dead languages, of which the monuments, considering their great antiquity, may have been, and indeed must have been, very much impaired: yet does not this prove, that on the greatest part of these writings there is any great difficulty in deciding; because the fact is, that the instances where dispute may arise are extremely rare, and over the generality of the antient compositions there is not a cloud to be seen, unless people chuse to take the trouble of searching for mists, and creating obscurities.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BEAU MONDE.

ON BATH.

SIR,

AS you profess to unite some lively topics with those more important matters which compose the principal portion of your work, perhaps you may afford a welcome to this letter, in which I propose to give you some account of the gaieties that enliven Bath. I am a whimsical fellow, who went last month to that agreeable city for the sake of a little amusement; and I found my excursion so extremely pleasant, that even now, when for a time I have lost the substance, I feel a satisfaction in contemplating the shadow. *Juvat et meminisse.*

Perhaps there never was a spot more delightfully fitted both by nature and art for the votaries of pleasure, than that in which Bath is situated. Placed in the depth of a beautiful valley, yet sufficiently removed from the surrounding hills to enjoy a free circulation of air; commanding, through the avenues which are formed by the sloping sides of some of the mountains, a view in the highest degree romantic and picturesque: crowned, on the summits of neighbouring cliffs, by beautiful piles of stone building; watered by streams whose salubrious qualities have given celebrity to the whole district through which they run; Bath seems of all places the best calculated to please the lover of picturesque beauty, and to restore the vigour of the invalid. A few minutes walk removes the inhabitant from the croud of a city, and brings him at once into meadows where smoke and bustle no longer detract from the purity of his atmosphere or the tranquillity of his contemplations. But is he a man whose solace is society, whose pursuit is pleasure? He has ample sources of gratification. Balls, plays, concerts, parties, and suppers, dance before him in unceasing rotation.

There are two Assembly-rooms, one at the bottom of the Orange Grove, called the Old or Lower Rooms; the other in Bennett-street near the Circus, called the New or Upper Rooms. At the Lower the Master of the Ceremonies is Mr. Le Bas, who has for many years occupied with great popularity the same situation at Margate and Ramsgate. At the Upper officiates Mr. King, a gentleman whose polite attention, and yet manly conduct, have acquired for him not only the *good will*, but, what is much less usually bestowed on the occupiers of such offices, the *respect* of the subscribers at large. The Lower Rooms, which were originally the cause of the fame of Bath assemblies, the sphere of the memorable Beau Nash, and the resort of almost

all the nobility of the kingdom; which once boasted two crowded assemblies in every week, the one on a Tuesday and the other on a Friday night, are now almost entirely deserted; and the few who attend are for the most part persons of no fashion, "mark or likelihood." But the Upper Rooms, at which a dress ball takes place on each Monday, and a fancy or cotillon ball on each Thursday night, are still attended by almost all the beauty and fashion of the place. I never remember, Mr. Editor, to have seen any sight, which gave me half so much pleasure as the *coup d'œuil* on entering the ball room while the cotillons are going on. As the principal occupation of the young people is dancing, you may easily suppose that there are many excellent artists in that science; and when a great number of them are performing their evolutions in concert, there can be no spectacle more graceful and interesting. The uniformity of the figures, the brilliancy of the lights, the beauty and magnitude of the room, the splendour and fashion of the company, the effect of the music in the balcony, all unite to render the scene bewitching in the highest degree. It gives the idea of a fairy palace, of one of those elegant revels, which tales of enchantment leave us to imagine, but which we should scarcely expect ever to see realized. Mr. King permits none but the dancers to occupy the floor, which is chalked in many squares, each adapted for a single set; thus the whole company of dancers enjoy equal and ample room, and having practised the figures, as usual, in the tea-room before dinner, they execute all their manœuvres with the greatest exactness and skill. Three rows of benches are placed one above another round the sides of the ball-room, so that the spectators are most admirably accommodated, and at the bottom is a single bench, with standing room behind, sufficient for nearly two hundred spectators.—This space is usually the most crowded, because the best dancers are generally at the bottom of the room. The ladies who have usually attracted most attention for their dancing, have been Miss Talbot, Miss Freeman and her sister. Miss Brownlow, who was so much admired last year, has not danced this winter, and Miss Anne Gore, who was perhaps the best dancer of them all, is no longer at Bath. These balls are by much more fashionable than those on the Monday night, because for a Thursday night neither the ladies nor the gentlemen's tickets are transferable; whereas for a Monday, the ladies' tickets may be, and too often are, given to persons of a very low description. Yet in the cotillon balls the same attentions are not paid to dress which take place on a Monday night; for ladies appear in hats, and perform other little excesses of a similar description, which on a Monday night are totally inadmissible. The following whimsical occurrence took place a few weeks ago at one of the Monday balls, which are also called the dress balls:

Two gentlemen, who had come out of the subscription card room, knowing that they might not enter the ball-room in boots, pulled off those interdicted pieces of leather, and appeared in pantaloons and shoes. Close to them was a young lady, with two antiquated ones, namely, her mother, and a stiff prudish old maid. The young lady was decked with a hat of considerable magnitude, which had probably escaped the observation of the master of the ceremonies, but which the old maid was perpetually endeavouring to render more effective, by adjusting it first a little on one side and then a little on the other. "Hum!" cried one of the gentlemen, "I "think the master of the ceremonies ought to "make that lady take off her hat, and I hope "he will do it too." "Well, indeed," exclaimed the old maid, in a tone calculated for the hearing of the two gentlemen, "if the "master of the ceremonies makes Sophy take "off her hat, I hope we shall see him make "those two gentlemen *take off their panta-*"*loons!*"

One of the great advantages of Bath is the extraordinary cheapness of all amusements. These balls, at the Upper Rooms, which afford so great and so constant pleasure both to inhabitants and to strangers, are purchased at a price almost incredibly low. A gentleman subscribing to the Monday balls has no less than eight and twenty assemblies for his twelve shillings. If he pay the sum of one pound four, he has, for each of the eight and twenty assemblies, three tickets, one for himself, not transferrable, and the other two for ladies which may be transferred. There are no double subscriptions to the cotillon balls: but the single subscription is, as in the other instance, only twelve shillings. Besides this, each person pays, it is true, sixpence on entering the room; but for these sixpences tea and biscuits are provided for all who chuse them. Accordingly, at about a quarter before nine the party adjourns to the tea-room; and, after remaining there for about half an hour, returns to the jocund business of the evening.

The only article which is at all expensive in Bath, is chair-hire; and to a cockney who has been accustomed to a hackney-coach that carries *four people* a given distance for a *shilling*, it

does at first sight appear a little unreasonable to pay *two shillings* for going the same distance in a chair *singly*. It has of late, however, become usual, when five or six people are going on the same visit, to take a glass-coach from a livery stable for the evening; which will convey them to and from the place of their destination, at the comparative trifling expence of six shillings for the coach and two for the driver. Many even of the most fashionable people go to assemblies on foot; for as Bath stands almost entirely upon hills, all water immediately runs off, and the heaviest rains at five will scarcely prevent a lady from walking boldly forth at eight.

The old theatre in Orchard-street, is now completely abandoned; and the proprietors have built upon the tontine scheme, a new house, of which the front is in Beaufort-square. It has been a good deal the fashion to admire this building as a beautiful piece of architecture; but I have either a great deal more or a great deal less taste than any of my neighbours, for I could not admire it at all. It certainly has a middle and two wings, and that middle is certainly sprinkled with several pillars; and at the top of those pillars, which are quite plain, there certainly are comic and tragic masks. But the effect of these pillars is like that of a walking-stick with a carved head: the masks on the capital seem too ponderous for their slender supporters. Besides which, the masks themselves do not look so much like comic and tragic countenances, as like the frightful expression which may be viewed on the gates of Bethlehem hospital, in the faces of the two recumbent figures, laughing madness, and melancholy madness. I cannot speak much more highly of the inside. It strongly resembles Covent-Garden theatre in its general structure and effect: and though the prevailing colour of the Bath playhouse is crimson, and that of Covent-Garden theatre green, yet the effect at Bath is not more lively and agreeable to the eye, than the effect at Covent-Garden; for the shade of crimson which the Bath proprietors have selected, instead of being gay and brilliant, is dark and melancholy. The ceiling indeed of the Bath theatre is extremely beautiful. It was brought, as I understand, in one piece from Fonthill, where the proprietors purchased it at the sale of Mr. Beckford's furniture. It is painted in groupes; and though towards the gallery it takes a clumsy upward slope, it is upon the whole extremely handsome.—A few records of the actors. A Mr. Egerton is the hero, and has a very tolerable notion of general acting. He is an inferior kind of Elliston. Mr. Sedley plays the young gentleman: he looks such parts extremely well. The testy fathers are the lot of Mr. Richardson, whose principal recommendation appears to be his fat. A quiet line of parts is in the possession of Mr. Wrench, a respectable actor; and a noisy line of parts is in the possession of a Mr. Mallinson, a tremendously vulgar actor. There is however one comedian on those boards, who deserves to be mentioned in higher terms; I mean Mr. Lovegrove. This gentleman, if I may be permitted to pronounce a judgment on such a subject, is perhaps little inferior to any comedian on the stage. His humour is chaste, and his manner gentlemanly; two qualifications which are very, very seldom to be met with in a comic actor. I hope we shall see him in London: I will venture on my own authority to say, that he will never disgrace this mighty town. Of the ladies, with the exception of Miss Marriott, I am sorry to say, that I cannot speak in terms of very high panegyric; and as to Miss Wheatley, who has a very prominent cast of character, and whom I remember figuring away very affectedly two or three years ago in London, she is now the most perfect concentration and essence of affectation that I ever remember to have seen. But by way of making amends for any deficiencies that may have subsisted in some branches of the company, the managers of Bath, like those of most other country towns, have retained the services of Master Betty, who has been playing here—about as well as he used to play in town. In London the mania has a little subsided; Miss Mudie has been damned, and children are no longer the fashion: but at Bath there were persons to be found whom Master Betty bit, and who thought him, as he was at first thought in London, a prodigy. It is not, perhaps, surprising that he should have been admired in many country towns, because, in point of fact, there are few country actors who altogether excel him: but that the people at Bath should have admired him, when almost all of them have had opportunities of seeing London actors, would, I confess, have surprised me a little, if I had not read the observation, which your theatrical critic, in a former number, has made on what is commonly called the taste of the public—

Yet may we not put the strong law upon him:
He's lov'd of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their *judgment*, but their *eyes*.

Enough of the theatre. Let us say a few words of another amusement very much in vogue at Bath; I mean the concerts. These assemblies, which are held at the Upper Rooms, are very numerously and elegantly attended.—The performances are well arranged, under the conduct of that approved veteran, Rauzzini.

Miss Sharp and Mr. Magrath, with a Mr. Bennett, who has since appeared on the Bath boards with much success, as *Orlando* in the *Cabinet*, and as *Carlos* in the *Duenna*, are the principal performers. I never heard a sweeter voice, accompanied by a more correct taste, than Miss Sharp possesses. Her talents have been, during some parts of the winter, assisted by those of Mr. Braham. While Braham was singing one Wednesday evening, the following ridiculous accident happened:

A Mrs. Pr—d—x came into the concert room extremely late, and was unable to find a seat. She squeezed herself into a row, where some other more fortunate dames had obtained a resting-place, and at length, without any compunction, though very fat and heavy, sat boldly down in the lap of a Mrs. L—sl—e. Mrs. L—sl—e, ill able to endure the weight, made many endeavours to deliver herself from her tormentress; but the latter stuck to her, like the old man of the sea to Sindbad the sailor in the Arabian Nights. At last Mrs. L—sl—e, provoked beyond all endurance, took out a pin, and applied it to the offending part of the corpulent invader. Mrs. Pr—d—x, stung to the quick, turned rapidly round, and inflicted on the supporter a very complete drubbing. This occurrence gave rise to the following lines from the pen of a gentleman who was then at Bath:

'Twas at the concert by Rauzzini giv'n
To all the souls of harmony at Bath;
Th' assembled choir, who rais'd their voice to heav'n,
Were dinn'd with strains of discord, war, and wrath.
A solemn silence reign'd throughout the room,
Save when the echo of the vaulted dome
Resounded Handel's notes, divinely strung,
By Braham and Storace sweetly sung.
All own'd the great magician's pow'rful art,
All felt its magic vibrate through the heart:
All were attentive to the heav'nly theme,
When loud was heard a dire discordant scream.

Soon terror flew throughout th' astonish'd band,
The sounds expir'd upon the half-touch'd string—
For each musician check'd his trembling hand,
And even faulter'ring Braham ceas'd to sing.

The audience wonder'd at the awful pause,
And star'd around to catch the dreadful cause;
When lo! a second scream, more shrill and loud,
As ail'd the ears of the assembled crowd.

Some thought a lady had contriv'd to faint,
Some deem'd the cry—the working of a saint;
But now—no longer let the music pause—
Of these sad screams my muse shall paint the cause.

A lady, whom my verse forbears to name,
Although no vulgar candidate for fame,
Went to Rauzzini's concert rather late,
And there, alas! could not procure a seat.
Around the room she cast imploring eyes,
But yet no belle would stir—no beau would rise;
She search'd in front, but not a spot could find,
And then, despairing, cast a glance behind;
There snugly sat a lady—(tempting trap)—
Who, tho' but small, had form'd an easy lap—
'Twas too attractive—for th' exhausted dame
Forgot her bulk—her weight—her very shame—
Tho' great not merciful (oh! fie upon her,
In this small lap she plac'd her seat of honour!
The lady in distress requir'd assistance,
She push'd and struggled, made her best resistance;
She then implor'd—remonstrated—but yet
The cruel rider would preserve her seat.
If, said the suff'rer, nothing will avail
But dire revenge, the tyrant I'll assail.
Then grasp'd her pincushion, and from it drew
A pointed weapon, still to ladies true—
And with a steady hand its point apply'd
Unto the bold intruder's nether side:—
She flinch'd—she scream'd—and slightly mov'd her back,
But soon advanc'd her rear to re-attack.
The other knew the vulnerable part,
And to the other flank apply'd the dart;
Again the wounded scream'd, and up she sprung,
Fire in her eye, and venom on her tongue:
Her weaker combatant she rudely seiz'd,
And throat, and neck, and shoulders stoutly squeez'd,
Roaring in alt—I'll scourge the wicked sin
If in my cushion more you plant a pin.

Now Braham smil'd, the dame withdrew,
Wounded, but victor in the fight;
'Tis said the *child unborn* may rue
The bloody contest of that night.

Such are the amusements of Bath; or at least some of them. I could yet give you a great deal more information, Mr. Editor, on the same subject; but as I have already swelled my letter to an unreasonable length, I will defer the remainder of my observations till your next number. I shall go back to Bath, probably in a few days, and will furnish you for the future article with all the latest and most credible intelligence.

ON VOLTAIRE.

One science only will one genius fit—
So vast is art, so narrow human wit.

THE following anecdote concerning a man, whose genius and attainments seem almost to defy the attempts of rival ambition, will furnish, without preface or comment, a striking lesson on the imperfection of human nature. Who shall hope to excel Voltaire? Yet concerning Voltaire, Sabatier de Castres relates the following curious anecdote.

Some years ago a number of literary men were assembled at the house of the late M Duclos, Secretary of the French Academy: they were speaking with enthusiasm of the universal genius of Voltaire. A famous German lawyer came in: he joined for some time in the general song, of which the burden was, M. de Voltaire is a universal genius: but at last he was seized with a scruple, and said, "Yes—M. de Voltaire is indeed a man every way learned; poetry, history, natural philosophy, mathematics, physic, criticism, all are within his range. It is pity that he is so weak on the subject of jurisprudence. As soon as he speaks of legislation, political economy, administration, police, somehow or other his pen becomes embarrassed, and his genius appears to abandon h m. This must surely be the reason of his having so often ill treated our Grotius, our Puffendorf, and your Montesquieu, who knew rather more of these matters than he did. But this observation is only a trifle, and M. de Voltaire is a universal genius."

"Yes," said a celebrated mathematician, "M. de Voltaire is a genius whom nothing escapes. Posterity will scarcely believe that so many works proceeded from the same pen. Our descendants will think that there must have been several men of the same name; and thanks to him, the intellectual world will have its Hercules as well as the fabulous. What a pity it is that he *would* meddle with mathematics! for among ourselves, and I entreat you not to repeat it, he is but a learner in geometry, as witness his Elements of the Newtonian Philosophy. Notwithstanding that, there can be no doubt that M. de Voltaire was a man who stood alone: no, there never existed a genius more vast, a mind more universal."

M. de Mairan, another learned man of this party, then began: "The enemies of M. de Voltaire," said he, "may talk as much as they please; they will never succeed in taking from him the merit of universal talent. What a man was he! how delightful is his pleasantry! To his writings I owe the happiest moments of my life: they amuse, they charm me, whenever I read them to refresh myself from my labours. He is an author who speaks of every thing with wit and grace. The collection of his works is really an encyclopedia. What a pity that he is not as clever in natural philosophy, as he is happy in pleasantry! For I must own that he is a poor natural philosopher, and you know I have had some experience in that science. With that exception, this author is truly a prodigy. Never did one man distinguish himself in more departments; it is therefore but just to consider him as a universal genius."

An English historian, who had yet said nothing, and who was musing deeply, now began: "I acknowledge with you that M. de Voltaire is a man who never had an equal. Our England has not yet produced any genius so great and so universal. Pope is not worthy to be compared to him. He unites in himself the merit of Swift, of Addison, of Otway, of Bolingbroke. It is a great pity that he has written history! To be sure, his style is charming; but I *must* say that it has not a suitable tone. Epigrams, reflections, characters, alterations of facts—Oh, we write history in a very different manner. Our authors would never sacrifice truth to prettiness. M. de Voltaire ought not to have cultivated that branch of literature. But in other departments he is truly superior, divine. You never will have a greater philosopher, an acuter critic, a more agreeable reasoner. This author is indeed exquisite!—in one word, he is a universal genius."

"I am delighted," said M. Bordeu, a physician celebrated for his profound knowledge and enlightened understanding, "I am really delighted to see an Englishman do justice to M. de Voltaire in a manner so flattering to our country: But, Sir," continued he, addressing the Englishman himself, "permit me to tell you that M. de Voltaire is not so unequal and frivolous in history as you suppose. I have investigated most of the facts, which he relates without proofs and

authorities, and I can assure you that I have succeeded in discovering their truth; that is to say, in finding authorities sufficient to support them, and satisfactory in proving at least that M. de Voltaire did not invent them. If he is weak in any point, it is not, I think, in history, but in what relates to the nature of man, to the animal constitution of our species: for he almost always blunders when he reasons on these matters. But is he obliged to know as much of these matters as those who have made such studies their profession? It would be very unfair to reproach him for his mistakes on this head. He *does* excel in so many other sciences: from which I conclude that my observation does not disprove that M. de Voltaire is a universal genius."

"How, gentlemen!" said an Abbé, who prided himself on his knowledge of divinity, "when each of you is extolling the favourite of the Muses, shall I preserve a culpable silence? No, I wish and I ought to render him also my tribute of admiration. M. de Voltaire, in my opinion, unites in himself alone, the understanding and the talents which have immortalized Aristotle, Plato, Plutarch, Cicero, Tacitus, Sophocles, Anacreon, Lucretius, Virgil, Horace, and the two Plinys. Thanks to his works, our language will become classical, like that of the Greeks and Romans. One merit which distinguishes this great man from all the philosophers who have preceded him, is the courage and address with which he has torn the veil of religious prejudices. Lucian, in this point, is a baby to him. No one has better managed the weapon of ridicule, which you know is of all others the most efficacious against error. Happy if he had contented himself with the use of that weapon on the article of religion!—when he has chosen to employ that of argument, he has unfortunately given into mistakes which have not escaped our erudite divines; they have thrown these mistakes most fiercely in his teeth; and I must agree with them, after the close study which I have bestowed upon the ancient languages, that M. de Voltaire has not the least knowledge of Hebrew, that he does not understand Greek, and that he has not gone to the fountain-head for his critical remarks on Abraham, Moses, David, Solomon, the prophets, the laws, and the customs of the Hebrews: I doubt even whether he ever read the fathers whom he quotes so often. But how should so sublime a genius have descended to such dry, uninteresting studies? His enemies will say, that he had no business to reason on matters that he did not thoroughly unde stand, or at least that he ought to have been more judicious in the selection of his extract-makers: but I shall answer that Jupiter had his foibles, and that since he was not less ruler of the Gods because he once changed himself into a bull, M. de Voltaire, because he has sometimes forgotten himself, has not ceased to be Voltaire; that is to say, the king of wits, scholars, philosophers, poets, historians, and literati of all descriptions."

A comic poet, a lyric poet, a scholar, who were also of the party, were about to speak in turn, when the party began to look at each other and laugh. It was high time, for the universal man would soon have been reduced to very little.

M. Duclos, who from politeness had not interrupted the others, broke up the party, begging it might never be said that his house had been profaned by such a conversation, and that he had laughed like the rest of the company.

LUCTOR ET EMERGO—I STRIVE AND I RISE.

A MORAL TALE.

AN aged gentleman, who had spent the best part of his life in the maritime profession, presented a favourite grandson, an ingenious and promising youth of fourteen, who was on the point of embarking for the first time under the countenance of one of the bravest commanders of the age, with a Dutch ducat, which bore for its device, a lion swimming on the waves, and the inscription *Luctor et Emergo*.

"It happened when I was a young man," said the ancient mariner, as he presented the medal to his grandson, "and had seen but little of the world, that my father carried me with him to the port of Flushing, where there lived an opulent old factor, his agent and correspondent, and one of the burgomasters of the place. The year was far advanced, and, the frost having set in before we could return to England, we were constrained to pass the winter in Holland. This proved very agreeable to me, for I had never been in Holland before, and the winter months, when the canals are frozen, and the usual commerce of the country suspended, are the carnival season of the people of the United

Provinces, as the conclusion of Lent with the inhabitants of Italy.

" My father remained at Flushing to take care of his mercantile concerns; but the burgomaster going on a journey, partly of business and partly of pleasure, to Amsterdam, he requested to take me with him, promising to shew me all the rarities of the country, and to treat me with the same kindness and indulgence that he would his own son

" An offer so liberal and obliging was thankfully accepted, and we set out together, travelling in a sledge, wrapped up in warm furs. We visited in our progress the principal towns of Zealand and Holland, as Arnemude, Middleburgh, Hellevoet, the Brielle, Rotterdam, Delft, the Hague, Leyden so celebrated for its university, Harlem for its bleacheries, and lastly Amsterdam, where we continued some days, in order to dispatch the business that had brought the burgomaster thither, and to afford me an opportunity of viewing the curiosities of that noble city.

" At Amsterdam we were invited to an entertainment at the house of an ancient deputy of the province, of one of the best families in Holland, whose ancestor had suffered at Brussels with Counts Egmont and Horn more than a century before, on which account he was particularly respected. He was a person of great wealth and influence in the republic; but chiefly esteemed for the vigour of his understanding, and the wisdom, prudence, and propriety of his counsels.

" This respectable old citizen, perceiving that I was a stranger, enquired of me, with much urbanity, what I had seen most remarkable in the United Provinces, and particularly in the renowned city which was then our residence. I answered him to the best of my power; but at the same time diffidently acknowledged, I could not describe all that I had seen in terms equal to my admiration. I praised particularly the city of Amsterdam, its wonderful foundation in the bosom, as it were, of the sea, the magnificence of its public edifices, the stadthouse, the admiralty, or whatever else might be supposed to engage the notice of a young traveller. The ancient deputy expressed his approbation of what I said.

" Amsterdam," said he, with patriotic complacency, " is justly the pride of the United Provinces, though they boast of many fine cities, walled towns, and populous villages, some of which are larger than the capitals of sovereign princes. Yet scarcely two centuries have elapsed since Amsterdam was a morass covered by the sea, or at best only the dwelling place of a few miserable fishermen. Antwerp, *the proud*, then engrossed the whole commerce of the Netherlands; and the Hollanders were poor, the abject and despised vassals of the Spanish branch of the house of Austria.

" If you are unacquainted with the history of this country," continued he, " it may not be wrong to give you the rough outlines of it. Some of the maxims that have been useful to our state, under circumstances of eminent danger, you may carry with happy effect to the concerns of private life, for they are equally applicable to the ordinary transactions of common men.

" When the bigotry and tyranny of Philip II. obliged the inhabitants of seven of the provinces of the Low Countries to renounce their allegiance to the Spanish Monarchy, they entered into a strict union, and bound themselves by a solemn league, not to lay down their arms, until they had obtained their independence. Had the provinces fought separately against Philip, the most desperate valour that each could have shewn would have been insufficient to withstand the mighty armies that were sent against them, by a monarch who was then the most powerful prince in Christendom. But their concord preserved them: they suffered many severe repulses at the commencement of the struggle, but in the end they were able to make head against their enemies, and gloriously triumphed.

" On their first successes, they took for their motto " *Concordia parvæ res crescunt*," and their device was seven spears bound together, to signify the union of the seven provinces. Their coins, at this period, were brass, or copper thinly plated over with silver, and were rather of the nature of tokens than coins, and circulated at a much higher value than their intrinsic worth. But when the valour of the Hollanders had driven the enemy from their frontiers, and their spirit of enterprise had opened new sources of wealth, which brought the treasures of America and the Indies to their ports, the republic assumed for its device a lion swimming on the waves, with the motto *Luctor et Emergo*, implying that it had risen to safety and prosperity by its own exertions.

" No part of Europe is less indebted to the bounty of nature, or more to the industry of man, than Holland. It would be overwhelmed by the tides of the sea, were not immense mounds raised, at a vast expence of labour and treasure, to defend us from the encroachments of the ocean. The city of Amsterdam and all the noble edifices with which it is adorned, would soon sink into the morass on which they are built, were it not for the incredible number of piles that sustain them.

"In short," continued he, "the Hollanders rose from small beginnings to great wealth by their unanimity: they fought for their liberty, they toiled at their undertakings with one heart, and as one man. In smaller associations this, too, is the certain road to success; but when each party pursues a separate interest or opinion of his own, the general strength is weakened, and ruin commonly overtakes such ill-judged combinations.

"And now," proceeded he, "I will bring my subject to a close, by begging your acceptance of a piece of our coin, with the motto *Luctor et Emergo* on it. Keep it for my sake, or spend it for your own pleasure, as you think proper; but do not forget the useful lesson that may be deduced from it, *Never to sink under a misfortune, but do the utmost in your power to rise above it.*"

"I thanked the old deputy for his present," the veteran said, "promising to keep the medal for his sake, and to remember his advice for my own advantage. Not long after, I went a voyage to the West Indies, and had an opportunity of proving its practical utility. The vessel in which we sailed took fire on our passage, and burned with such rapidity, that the crew and passengers escaped with great difficulty in the boat, carrying with them neither water nor provisions. We steered our course by the sun and stars, in hopes of being able soon to reach one of the Western Islands; but in this we were disappointed by calms and adverse currents, and in a few days experienced all the agonies of hunger and thirst. Those only who have felt the horrors of a similar situation can form an adequate judgment of the indescribable misery we endured. Some of the crew and passengers, tired of a life so full of suffering, and seeing no prospect before them but that of a painful and lingering death, grew desperate, and threw themselves into the sea. Hope abandoned me, in my turn, and I was preparing to follow their example, when looking into my pockets for some memorials to distribute among my surviving fellow sufferers, I pulled out the piece of coin which the aged Dutch deputy had given me, and remembered his advice, *never to sink under a misfortune, but do all I could to surmount it.*

"This, in an instant, caused a revolution in my mind, and I felt my heart and strength revived by the accident. I told my companions, with the confidence which a returning love of life produced, that though we might not be so near to the Western Islands as we had reason from our reckoning to expect, we were still doubtless in the track where vessels might be expected to be met with, and therefore ought not to despair.

"This proved true, for the next morning, at day-break, a ship appeared in sight, but at too great a distance to observe our signals of distress. We accordingly rowed towards her with all the strength that men emaciated with hunger could exert, and despair added to our strength. Towards noon, being aided with a slight breeze of wind in our favour, we approached near enough to be observed by those on board the ship, who had the humanity immediately to shorten sail, and send a boat to our assistance.

"Here our sufferings had a termination. We were taken into the ship, which proved to be an English vessel bound to Leghorn, and being treated with that attention and humanity which seamen know so well how to administer to their brethren in distress, we quickly regained our strength, and were landed in safety at Gibraltar.

"Some years afterwards, I suffered the misfortune of shipwreck and lost all I possessed in the world, except the Dutchman's ducat, which I then wore with a string about my neck; and, as I was struggling in the waves to gain the shore, I said to myself, with despondency of heart, that I was a poor pennyless wretch, and that robbed by the merciless ocean of all the substance I had with so much toil acquired, I would resign myself to the ocean also, and she should hide my penury and grief under the green mantle of her waves. But while I pursued these melancholy thoughts, the dashing of the sea struck the ducat against my breast, and, recalling to my mind the Dutchman's conversation, restored me to my courage. It was no time for calculation, to set the value of one thing against the value of another; but surely, thought I, heaving a sigh for the property I had lost, I ought not to be weary of my life for the sake of a few hundred pounds, and I swam to the shore with the courage of a lion.—I had no reason to repent of my resolution, for in a few months I found myself in better circumstances than before my misfortune.

"Be not then so weak, my lad," concluded he, as he put the medal into his grandson's hand, and squeezed it with the most cordial affection, "be not so weak as to believe that even the worst misfortunes are irremediable: bear up manfully against them; *strive* and you cannot fail *to rise.*

R. F.

TO THE EDITOR OF LE BEAU MONDE.

ACHES.—SHAKESPEARE.

SIR,

IT has of late become the fashion for the people of this metropolis to amuse themselves by learned disquisitions on the pronunciation of particular words; a species of diversion which will most likely continue long in vogue, because it is completely beyond the comprehension of by far the greatest part of its votaries. It is nothing new that men should admire what they do not understand; for by expressing zeal, they get credit with many for science: and persons, who expatiate on subjects which they do not understand, have this further advantage, that like schoolboys rambling without an usher, they may explore all imaginable mazes, and pursue all possible meanders, with the delightful certainty of avoiding the perpetual interruptions of such troublesome monitors as learning and logic, who are too fond of keeping people in a straight line, and preventing the agreeable wanderings of conjecture.

About a couple of months ago the favourite topic of the philological fashionables was the pronunciation of the word Coriolanus. On this I think the writer of the theatrical criticism in the second number of your entertaining work, was the person who drew the most accurate distinctions, and laid down the most convincing arguments: but, as he there stated, that question had so much on one side, and so much on the other, that to pronounce a positive determination was almost impossible. I will now, Sir, trouble you with a few words on a subject which has puzzled a great many people—and indeed I must confess I have been puzzled myself too—to conceive why any body was puzzled at all!

The common pronunciation of the letters *a*, *c*, *h*, *e*, *s*, is certainly now-a-days *akes*; and therefore our would-be critics have raised a tremendous clamour, and declared that to say *aitches* was contrary to authority and common sense, being the mere effervescence of swelling pedantry. Sir, if these gentlemen would take the trouble of understanding the question before they debate it, they would find that the real pronunciation is *aitches*, and not *akes*. Some of the following arguments have appeared piece-meal in newspapers; but I wish here to present the whole body of evidence in one continuous succession, and preserve, if possible, by the testimony of your magazine, a monument which may inform posterity of the philological eminence of their fathers.

In the first place the line of the Tempest which has given occasion to all this dispute, requires that the word be pronounced as a dissyllable:

——I'll rack thee with old cramps;
Fill all thy bones with *aches*: make thee roar
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

In the first place then, Sir, on the face of the record, and without entering for the present into external evidence, here is a strong argument for the dissyllabic pronunciation. An old poet is not to be laid upon the bed of Procrustes, and lopped of his metre, to gratify the ear of people who are accustomed to a modern cadence.

But there are many who contend that this argument is unavailing, unless we can prove that the word was really used as a dissyllable by old authors: for Shakspeare, say they, like most other dramatic writers, very often admitted imperfect lines, and perhaps he meant this to be one of them. Then we will produce our external evidence, and shew not only that the dissyllabic cadence was thought justifiable by the old authors, but that it was universally employed by them. It is the verb which they have used as a monosyllable.

And first I will give instances from Shakspeare himself. The substantive in question is used by him three times: once in the passage before quoted from the Tempest, and twice in Timon of Athens.

Aches contract and starve your supple joints.
Timon, Act I. Scene 1.

Their fears of hostile strokes, their *aches*, losses,
Timon, Act V. Scene 2.

Beaumont and Fletcher:

Or meets with *aches* in the bone,
Or catarrhs, or griping stone.
Knight of the Burning Pestle, Act II.

Otway:

——Let heavy curses
Gall his old age; cramps, *aches*, rack his bones!
Venice Preserved, Act II.

Swift:

A coming show'r your shooting corns presage,
Old *aches* throb, your hollow tooth will rage.

So Ben Jonson, Massinger, and I believe all the other authors of that age. And Dr. Johnson, in his dictionary, under the head *ache*, says: "*Ache*, *now* generally written *ake*, and in the "plural *akes*, of one syllable: the primitive "manner being preserved chiefly in poetry for "the sake of the measure:" and one of the examples which he gives is the distich above quoted from Swift: the other is the very passage disputed in the Tempest.

But there are some, who, not contented with these authorities, exclaim: Yes, we allow that these passages shew the word must be pronounced as a dissyllable: but how can you prove that the *ch* was ever pronounced soft, when the word may as probably be *akies* as *aitches*?—The following authorities settle that point also beyond all possibility of contradiction.

And first a collateral proof from Shakspeare himself:

Beatrice. By my troth I am exceeding ill. Heyho!

Margaret. For a hawk, or a horse, or a husband?

Beatrice. For the letterthat begins them all, *H*.

Dr. Johnson says, in a note on these lines: "This is a poor jest, somewhat obscured, and "not worth the trouble of elucidation. Mar- "garet asks Beatrice for what she cries, Heyho. "Beatrice answers, for an *H*, that is, for an "*ache*, or pain."

Dr. Johnson's note and our interpretation are corroborated by one of Heywood's Epigrams, published in 1566. Of this epigram, the point, such as it is, turns on this very word:

EPIGRAM ON THE LETTER H.

H is worst among letters in the cross-row:
For if thou find him either in thine elbow,
In thine arm, or leg, in any degree,
In thine head, or teeth, or toe, or knee,
Into what place soever *H* may pike him,
Wherever thou find *ache*, thou shalt not like him.

Of this punning coincidence between Shakspeare and Heywood, Mr. Steevens has taken notice.

Butler says:

As no man of his own self catches
The itch, or amorous French *aches*.

Hudibras, P. 2. c. 2. v. 456.

The only word resembling this, is a word, now obsolete, which occurs in the common translation of the Bible; *tackes*, i. e. clasps, which is always read *tatches*, and from which is probably derived the verb to *attach*.

Thou shalt make fifty *taches* of gold.

Exodus, xxvi. 6.

I have now, I hope, satisfactorily proved, that aches ought to be pronounced as a word of two syllables, and that the *ch* which is a part of that word, ought to be pronounced soft. That such is not now the custom, is an argument of little avail: for if the measure of an ancient poet were to be accommodated to modern practice, what ear could endure to hear his verses recited?

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
HORATIUS.

THE IMPIOUS WISH.

A SENTIMENTAL INCIDENT.

"I WISH to God the war may continue," exclaimed somebody behind me. I started suddenly round, to take a view of a person, whom any earthly motives could induce, to feel or utter so diabolical a wish. 'Twas a shabby looking fellow, apparently a mechanic, talking to another man, as mean in dress as himself.

Humanity and curiosity for once made me an eves-dropper, and I attentively listened, whilst the speaker made it evident "that by the continuation of the war, he should be enabled to drink an additional pint of porter daily."—"Just heaven!" I thought, "is it possible a being can exist, who for so trifling a gratification can offer a wish to thee, for a prolongation of misery, bloodshed, toil, and every kind of wretchedness, to tens of thousands of his fellow-creatures.

I went on, balancing in my mind his account of the daily pint of porter, with that of the drops of blood and tears of anguish which flow from the heart of the dæmon War; when my ruminations were interrupted by a grave-like voice, which pronounced, "Oh! Sir, in the name of Heaven! in the name of Charity! relieve the distresses of one who has fought his country's battles—who has bled in her cause—but who is now forced to the humiliating condition of begging assistance of her more wealthy

sons." Had Poetry, Painting, and Eloquence united, to strengthen my detestation of war, they would not have succeeded half so well as the pitiable sight I beheld, on turning towards the spot whence the request proceeded.—Deprived of both the limbs which heaven has given for the defence and ornament of man;—with a face overspread by the pallid hue of want and sickness—dressed in a jacket which had once been military—lay extended the petitioner, on the cold pavement.—A woman, as miserable an object, with an helpless babe hanging at each breast, sat beside him.—I stopped—I gazed on the groupe with horror—the soft genius of pity shot through my heart with gentle glowing warmth, and in the accents of kindness I enquired the causes of this appearance of woe.—His tale was short, for he yet was young—but however small had been his draught from the cup of life, alas! alas! that draught had been sadly embittered by the soul-sickening poison of misery.

His parents, overwhelmed with misfortunes, sank to eternal rest soon after he had wedded the wife of his love; a poor, but deserving maid.—His father, before he was "brush'd by the hand of rough mischance," had been a wealthy farmer, and had given his son a tolerable education. He, however, at his parent's death, found himself in a very sad state—his farm was small—war came with iron hand—heavy taxes ensued—his lease expired—luxury had raised her throne in the heart of his landlord, and demanding means wherewith to be supported in her seat, he insisted on raising his rent.—The poor fellow knew the farm could not pay great rent and heavy taxes, and he left it.—A species of pride, arising from his education and former situation, forbade him to descend to a menial employment, and conceiving the military a mode of life in which he might gain promotion and honour, he enlisted:—his regiment was shortly afterwards ordered abroad, and in his first campaign he lost both his arms.—The rest of his woe filled story I could guess.—I could hear no more, but with a tearful eye made a small offering at the altar of Charity.—Good heaven! at the moment when the kindly drop of Pity stood trembling in my eyes, at beholding a fellow-creature destitute of those limbs which might have procured him an honest living—and when my mite was in my outstretched hand, the man passed whom I had heard "wish to God that the war might continue!"—Reader, did *I then* second that wish, or did I put up a prayer, that the Angel of Mercy might interpose his wing between it and heaven, and waft it back again to his own unfeeling heart?

LA FLEUR.

SIR SIDNEY SMITH.

THE *statesman*, the *warrior*, and the *poet*, are conducted by Fame to her glorious temple—they are placed on the proud pedestal of immortality, and admiring nations contemplate them with delight—but in contemplating the *hero* we forget the *man*.

Glory gives the *laurel*, but *Virtue* the *palm*—the one blooms on earth, whilst the other is consecrated in heaven.

Amidst the train of luminaries that have thrown such radiance over the present reign, none has shone with brighter lustre than Sir Sidney Smith, whose laurels have borne their rich blossoms in every climate whither glory has conducted his footsteps—in the cold regions of the North, beneath the bright influence of Sicilian suns, as well as on that holier ground where English valour for so many ages unfurled the sacred banner, and fought with kindred zeal in the same cause. But it was during Sir Sidney's imprisonment in the Temple, under the insults of a tyrant and an usurper—in sickness, in suffering, and in solitude, that he learnt the prouder conquest of himself, and gained a brighter wreath than even glory could bestow. During that period, forbidden all intercourse with society, subject to every deprivation, left to languish under the influence of a burning fever without even a drop of water to allay his sufferings, enduring alike threats and insults; his solitary hours were, however, sometimes beguiled by the visits of a child about four years old, the son of the under gaoler (who was afterwards accused of having assisted Sir Sidney in his escape). Seated on his knee, or playing by his side, he often by his innocent endearments made our hero forget his cares; whilst the child's attachment to him was strong beyond his years, and inspired the prisoner with an equal affection for his young companion.—Sir S. happily escaped the fate that was too probably prepared for him, by one who has equally violated the rights of

war, of nations, and of humanity. He escaped to England to reap new laurels for his country.—During his last cruise off Boulogne, his crew were surprised one stormy evening by the appearance of a small crazy boat, which after combating for some time the fury of the elements, came at length alongside the ship.

To their surprise they saw it contained but one person, a half-clothed tattered French boy, who earnestly demanded to see Sir Sidney Smith. After some hesitation they consented to inform their Captain what a singular visitor requested admission to him.—Sir Sidney, at that moment in his cabin, and surrounded by his officers, desired that the boy might be conducted to him.—He entered, and our hero observing his tattered habiliments, and his wretched appearance altogether, exclaimed with surprise, "What is your business with me, my lad?" "Do you remember, Sir," said the boy, "when you were a prisoner in the Temple, that the under gaoler who was killed by hard usage (in consequence of being suspected of assisting in your escape) had a son who used to play with you, to sit on your knee, and bring messages to you?" "I remember them both perfectly," replied Sir Sidney.—"Well, Sir," continued the boy, "he left behind him four children.—I am one of them—I am that boy who used thus to visit you, and who never from that moment forgot his attachment to you.—As soon as I was old enough to be sensible of my loss, and to reflect, I determined to follow your fate and fortunes over the world, and to seek you in whatever climate you were to be found.—Having heard you were cruising off our coast, I determined to make my escape, and to try to gain this ship, which I had understood was your's."—Sir Sidney's countenance during this recital betrayed all the strong emotions of gratitude, generosity, and tenderness—"Come to my arms, my brave boy," he exclaimed, "and be from this moment my son—the sharer equally of my cabin, my fate, and my fortunes—I will henceforth try to supply to you the father you have lost," he cried, pressing him to his bosom in his rude and ragged dress; whilst the surrounding officers contemplated the scene with delight, admiration, and astonishment; and from that moment to the present the grateful boy has shared equally his cabin and his fortunes.

This is not fancy's picture, nor could she indeed heighten the colouring.—Glory might have presented to her pencil a *prouder* one, but the softer virtues in their selection could not have chosen a brighter than that which truth now offers.

British bosoms will learn to appreciate its beauties, whilst pointing it out to posterity as a companion to the more dazzling ones which Fame has already displayed around her "Hero of Acre;" and whilst his country twines round it the laurel he has so gloriously won, Humanity blending *her* fair blossoms in the wreath, shall give it the rich fragrance that ascends to Heaven.

AN EASY METHOD OF PROCURING A FINE IMPRESSION OR FIGURE OF MEDALS AND COINS.

TAKE a perfect and sharp impression in the finest black sealing wax, of the coin or medal you desire, but cut away the wax round the edges of the impression; then with a preparation of gum water, of the colour you would have the picture, spread the paint upon the wax impression with a fine hair pencil, observing to work it into all the sinking or hollow places, those being the rising parts of the medal; and the colour must be carefully taken from the other parts with a wet finger: then take a piece of very thin post paper, a little longer than the medal, and moisten it quite through: place it on the wax impression, and on the back of the paper lay three or four pieces of thin woollen cloth or flannel, of about the same size. The impression, with its coverings, should be placed between two smooth iron plates, about two inches square, and one-tenth of an inch thick: these must be carefully put into a small press, made of two plates of iron, about five inches and an half long, one inch and a half wide, and half an inch in thickness, having a couple of long male screws running through them, with a turning female screw on each to force the plates together. These being brought evenly together by means of the screws, will take off a true and fair picture of the medal, which, if any deficiency should appear, may easily be repaired with a hair pencil or pen dipped in the colour made use of.

If a relievo only be desired, nothing is necessary but to take a piece of white card or paste-

board, well soaked in water; then placing it on the wax mould without any colouring, and letting it remain in the press for a few minutes, a good figure will be obtained.

This method of taking off medals, &c. is convenient, and seems much more so than the several inventions usually practised in sulphur, plaster of Paris, paper, &c. wherein a mould must be formed either of clay, horn, plaster, or other materials which require a good deal of time and trouble.

Some take impressions on paper from the medals themselves, by passing them through the rolling-press, and colouring them afterwards; but this is not only more difficult, but does great injury to the medals, by impairing the sharpness of their most delicate and expressive strokes; whereas wax does not hurt the finest medal in the least degree, and though a brittle substance, it effectually resists the force of a downright pressure.

Red seems the best colouring, and therefore black wax is directed to be used; but if the pictures are chosen in black and white, to resemble copper plates, the wax should be red, for the wax and paint ought to be of different colours, in order to distinguish when the colour is laid on properly, or rightly cleared away.

Hull, Feb. 14th, 1807. W. P.

EXTRACTS FROM THE COMMON PLACE BOOK OF A MAN OF LETTERS.

ANECDOTES, &c. &c.

HAUGHTINESS.

THE pride of the Spanish grandees is too well known to need to be described. In the reign of Philip IV. they received a severe mortification in the elevation of an obscure person, named Valenzuela, to the rank of a grandee of Spain. This Valenzuela had been page to the Duke de l'Infantado, and finding himself, on the death of his master, in very bad circumstances, he became a knight of industry, or in other words betook himself to live by his wits. Through the favour of a monk, he obtained a small employment in the palace, and being well made, and of an aspiring disposition, he resolved to turn his endowments to profit. For this purpose he sedulously cultivated the acquaintance of a German lady, named Donna Eugenia, who possessed the confidence of the Queen. His graceful person, and innumerable attentions, succeeded in making the desired impression on the lady, and she rewarded his assiduities with her hand. Through the introduction of his spouse, Valenzuela obtained the favour of the Queen, and rose successively from employment to employment, till at length he occupied the first offices of the state, and was created a grandee of the highest class, and honoured with two golden keys.

The novelty of a valet being thus promoted and honoured was a thunder-stroke to the Spanish nobility. Their vanity was so wounded, that excess of indignation took from them the power of complaining of the outrage, that had been offered to their feelings. They met to deliberate on the subject, and a melancholy silence pervaded the assembly. "Valenzuela is a grandee! *O tempora, O mores!* O sad and degenerate times!" These were all the words they could utter. One signior took the affair more to heart than the rest. He resented so strongly the affront offered to the body of the nobility, that from that time he resolved never more to see the light of the sun. He shut himself up in his chamber, took to his bed, and continued obstinately to persist in his resolution for the space of six years, when he died. When his servants entered his apartment of a morning, he would first demand of his valet the hour, and when he was informed, he would enquire, if his butcher was made a grandee of Spain? *Mi carnizero es grande?* and being told not, he would express great satisfaction. This farce was repeated every day to the day of his death, nothing being able to reconcile him to the light of the sun, or the sight of his fellow beings.

The fortune of Valenzuela, which occasioned the folly of this signior, fell as rapidly as it had risen. The Queen, who protected him, having received orders to retire into a convent at Toledo, the favourite was banished to the Philippines, after he had been stripped of all his posts, and seized in a church whither he had fled for refuge. He sustained his disgrace with much firmness, and when it was announced to him that the King had taken from him all his employments, and left

him nothing but his title, he answered coldly, "Then I am in a worse condition now, than when I first came to court, and the Duke de l'Infantado made me his page."

Notwithstanding the fall of Valenzuela might seem to have repaired the affront offered the grandees of Spain, it occasioned them a new mortification. The Pope, hearing that it was some of the principal grandees who had forced Valenzuela from his asylum, excommunicated all who had borne any share in the transaction, and obliged them, to relieve themselves from the censures of the church, to walk in procession, like the basest of criminals, barefoot, with halters about their necks, and every symbol of indignity and disgrace, to the Imperial college, where the Nuncio Mellini gave them each some strokes of the discipline; thus punishing Spanish pride by a display of ecclesiastical arrogance still more haughty and ostentatious.

Lettres Juives, Tom. III p. 240.

ETIQUETTE.

Previous to the reign of Philip V. the Kings of Spain were the slaves of their grandeur. They followed strictly the rules of etiquette, which applied to all the ceremonies that the Spanish Monarchs are obliged to observe, the habits they are to wear, and those in which their Queens are to be dressed, the times of going from one royal palace to another, the period of their residence at each, the days proper for processions, for walking, for travelling, the hours at which their Majesties ought to go to rest or rise, the presents which the Kings may make their mistresses, and what are to become of them when they are displaced by happier rivals, &c. It is also asserted, but I know not whether it be well founded, that there were a certain number of days of the year marked, on which it was forbidden the King to sleep with his wife. These are the Canicular, or dog-days, against which Cleantis protests so pleasantly in Molicre *. It is impossible to say what sort of gravity or dignity the Spaniards found in this species of celibacy, that they made it an article of etiquette. A Spanish monarch, fond of his wife, would have as much to complain of as Charles II. of England, who, when he was in Scotland, and in the hands of the presbyterians, complained that he was obliged to hear four sermons a day, to do penance, and abstain from play.

The etiquette which relates to the Queens is still more severe. The most innocent things are often forbid them. The Duchess of Terra Nova, *Camerera Major*, first lady of the bed-chamber to the wife of Charles II. of Spain, represented to her, "that it was improper for a Queen of Spain to look out of the windows."

An accident happened to this Princess, when the rigour of etiquette had nearly cost her her life. She was fond of riding on horseback; and one day there were brought to her several beautiful steeds of the Andalusian breed. Wishing to make a trial of them, she mounted one of them, but was scarcely seated on her saddle, when the animal began to plunge violently, and at length threw her off his back. Her foot unluckily was entangled in the stirrup, and the horse running along at full speed, dragged her on the ground, at the extreme danger of her life. All the court beheld the accident, but no one thought of helping the Queen: etiquette peremptorily forbad it. It was forbidden any man, on pain of death, to touch a Queen of Spain, and particularly to touch her foot. Why her foot rather than her hand, it would not be easy to determine. As the matter stood, no one dared to approach the unfortunate Queen. Charles II. who was very fond of his wife, and who saw from the balcony of a window the accident that had befallen her, pierced the air with his cries: but inviolable etiquette, and above all the sacred foot of Majesty not to be touched by profane hands, restrained the grave Spaniards. At length two chevaliers, the one named Don Louis de las Torres, the other Don James de Sotamayor, determined, that happen to them what might, and in spite of the law of the Queen's foot, *la lei del Pie por la Reina*, to make an attempt to save her life. One of them very dexterously seized the bridle of the horse, while the other extricated the foot of the Princess: which done, instead of waiting to receive her thanks, they retired to their houses, and profiting of the confusion which prevailed at court, in consequence of the accident, they mounted their horses, and escaped out of the kingdom, to avoid the severe penalty they had incurred for meddling with the Queen's foot.

In the mean while the Queen, recovering from her consternation, demanded to see her two preservers. A young lord, their friend, informed her, that they were obliged to leave Madrid, to avoid the punishment due to the great offence of which they had been guilty. The Queen, who was a French woman, did not know till then the prerogative of her foot, and probably would have remained in ignorance of it, but for the circumstance of her fall. She thought it would be a strange act of injustice to punish those with the loss of life who had saved hers, and therefore she obtained their pardon of the King, honoured them with presents, and granted them ever afterwards her protection.

Lett. Juives, Tom III. p. 249.

* See his Amphitrion.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

ANECDOTES OF LITERATURE AND SCARCE BOOKS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM BELOE, TRANSLATOR OF HERODOTUS, &c.

THE volumes before us are a miscellaneous history of Literature; presenting, not indeed in one continued scheme of chronological arrangement, but certainly with considerable and skilful diversification of matter, a number of the most important facts and anecdotes of literary men and their works.

Mr. Beloe for several years possessed an important and advantageous situation in the British Museum; and of course had perpetual opportunity of inspecting and analysing most of the scarce and curious tracts by which we are now enabled to form our estimate of early literature, and deduce the progress of civilization in the national taste. The command of these valuable stores first induced him to undertake the present work; of which most of the principal articles are selected from such ancient books as are extraordinary for their intrinsic value, or particularly sought for their rarity. "For I "thought," says he, "that I should perform "no unimportant office in communicating to "the student the place where he might find "what he wanted, and in representing to the "collector the genuine marks by which he "might ascertain the object of his curious pur-"suit." Mr. Beloe intends, if these volumes should please the public taste, to produce periodically a series of such collections. And though he has been removed from the situation which he held in the Museum with so much credit to himself and advantage to the public, yet the kindness of numerous friends who possess extensive collections, enables him to continue his design, and promise a long succession of similar volumes. His dismissal from the Museum has been the subject of much public conversation; and there is no part of the present work which has gratified us more than the simple statement of facts by which the respectable author vindicates his character. A man was introduced at the Museum with the most satisfactory credentials; who, after repeated visits, purloined valuable property which was in the custody of Mr. Beloe —and without further ground, it was thought that the good government of the institution required the dismissal, which in fact has taken place "With what anguish of mind," says our author, "I acquiesced in the decision, I "leave those to determine, who have experi-"enced, or who can imagine, what it is to "have all their literary and domestic plans, in "one unexpected moment, overthrown, and to "exchange peace, competence, and a situation "most congenial to their feelings and pursuits, "for loss, anxiety, and uncertainty, and, above "all, the dread of unmerited obloquy." This dreaded disgrace, as it was never merited, so it has never been induced; as it most clearly appears from the long and honourable list of noblemen and gentlemen whose friendship and assistance to Mr. Beloe has since undergone no diminution; and among whom he reckons the names of the Marquis of Stafford, the Bishops of Durham and Rochester, Mr. Isaac Reed, Mr. Kemble, Mr. Malone, Mr. Chalmers, and Mr. Nares. Many of these have contributed some aids to the present publication: and their collections are still as open as ever to the visits of our learned and respectable author. We now proceed to give some particulars of the work itself, which, we have no doubt, will be acceptable not only to the curious and erudite reader, but even, *if we may venture to suppose that among our readers such a class exists*, to the indolent themselves.

When speaking of the Walpole collection of pictures, Mr. Beloe tells us a droll anecdote of Jacob Tonson the bookseller. In the Walpole collection was a picture of King Charles the First by Vandyke, which was valued at 400l. It had before been in the Wharton collection, and was remarked by Tonson for a very extraordinary defect which it did in fact possess, namely, that both the gauntlets were drawn for the right hand. Now Tonson himself had remarkably ugly legs, and no sooner had he made the observation, than Lady Wharton, turning sharply round upon him, said, "Mr. Tonson, why might not "one man have two right hands, as well as ano-"ther two left legs?"

This anecdote, which is related by the late Horace Walpole, throws a light upon a passage in the Dunciad, which Mr. Beloe professes himself to have been before unable to comprehend:

With arms extended Bernard rows his state,
And left-legg'd Jacob seems to emulate.

These lines were afterwards thus altered:

With legs expanded Bernard urg'd the race,
And seem'd to emulate great Jacob's pace.

Mr. Beloe subjoins two other anecdotes, one of which we insert. It relates to Darteneuf, whom Mr. Beloe recalls to the recollection of the reader by Pope's lines,

Each mortal has his pleasure; none deny
Scarsdale his bottle, Darty his ham-pye.

We remember this same Darteneuf also making some figure in the Dialogues of the Dead, where he converses on eating with the Roman epicure Apicius.

"Darteneuf was engaged to dine with a brother gourmand, expressly to eat one of two "plums, the only produce of a particular tree, "remarkable for the richness and delicacy of its "fruit. It was agreed that, when they had "dined, to enjoy the fruit in its greatest perfection, they were to proceed to the garden, and "each gather and eat his plum. Before dinner "was entirely ended, Darteneuf made some "excuse to retire for a few minutes from the "room, when he instantly hastened to the garden, and, dire to relate, devoured both the "plums, without the smallest compunction or "remorse."

In the rebellion of 1745, the Government issued a proclamation, in which they offered a reward of 30,000l. for the apprehension of the Pretender, alive or dead. In opposition to this the Pretender and his Council issued the following paper, of which, till the publication of Mr. Beloe's work, there was probably no copy, but that which accident lately deposited in the British Museum:

CHARLES,
PRINCE OF WALES, &c.

Regent of the Kingdoms of Scotland, England, France, and Ireland, and the Dominions thereunto belonging.

Whereas we have seen a certain scandalous and malicious paper, published in the stile and form of a proclamation, bearing date the 1st instant, wherein, under pretence of bringing us to justice, like our royal ancestor, King Charles the First of blessed memory, there is a reward of thirty thousand pounds sterling promised to those who shall deliver us into the hands of our enemies, we could not but be moved with a just indignation at so insolent an attempt: and though, from our nature and principle, we abhor and detest a practice so unusual among Christian Princes, we cannot, but, out of a just regard to the dignity of our person, promise the like reward of thirty thousand pounds sterling to him or those who shall seize or secure, till our further orders, the person of the Elector of Hanover, whether landed or attempting to land in any part of His Majesty's dominions. Should any fatal accident happen from hence, let the blame lie entirely at the door of those who set the infamous example.

CHARLES, P. R.

Given at our Camp at Kinlockeill,
August 22, 1745.

By his Highness's command,
JO. MURRAY.

The Cambridge edition of the Greek Testament, printed by Buck in 1632, has been much admired for the perspicuity and accuracy of its typography. But it is by no means generally known that the types were borrowed from the sister university. Mr. Beloe says,

"Lord Pembroke was at that period the Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, and "there is said to be a letter in existence from his "Lordship to the Curators of the University of "Oxford, intreating from them the loan of their "Greek types, *as they made no use of them "themselves.*"

Mr. Beloe gives us several examples of the double acrostic: we subjoin one which is taken from Alexander Nevill's Lacrymæ Academiæ Cantabrigiensis tumulo nobilissimi Equitis D. Philippi Sidnei sacratæ.

PH-armaca mens spernens mediis stans dira triumphi-S
I-njicit in pectus Sidnei tela Philipp-I
L-ongius ergo fugis saccos O Anglia? Numqui-D
I-n cineres differo tua gaudia vertere? Nemo-N
P-loratum luget comitem? cui nulla tuler-E
P-ace fideque parem, permagni sæcula mund-I
V-i superans, virtute valens, sua belliger ict-V
S-ternitur astra petens lenibus Sidneius ali-S.

G. FAIRFAX.

In a book of verses, of which the frontispiece is a likeness of Robert Dover, an attorney of Burton on the Heath, is mentioned a circumstance "no less extraordinary than the occasion "of writing the poems, that, though he was "bred an attorney, he never tried but two "causes, having always made up the differ-"ence."

The second volume of Mr. Beloe's work will not be to the generality of readers so entertaining as the first: but it contains a great deal of matter extremely curious, and probably to antiquarians very useful. Abstracts and extracts from old and scarce books occupy the greatest part of the volume; and such as are desirous of gaining a general notion of the obsolete literature of this country will find their curiosity amply gratified by these sheets. To foreigners, particularly, who have no opportunity of inspecting the great repositories of English literature, this work will be particularly valuable. It is true that when we coolly consider the matter, these scarce books are of no real value: for, if they were, they would hardly continue to be scarce. But the diligent search which has lately been made in all the book-stalls and buttermen's shops, has imparted to them an adscititious consequence; and the knowledge of them has now become a course of literature as common, and therefore to an amateur, as necessary as the most flowery pursuits of belles lettres. Every thing, says the proverb, is worth as much as it will bring; and an *editio princeps*, or a black letter copy of an author however obscure and unknown, is of course a treasure more gratifying to its owner than the possession of a book valued chiefly for the merit of its author or the excellence of its type. Of the vast height to which this adventitious value has risen, the following examples, which we extract from the first volume, will afford some idea:

"Luciani Opera, Editio princeps, 1496.

"For this very rare book Dr. Askew only gave "two guineas and a half. At Dr. Askew's sale, "it produced 19*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.* It was bought by Mr. "Aubery. At the Pinelli sale it *only* produced "*eight guineas and a half.*"

"Ciceroni's Epistolæ familiares per Jenson. "1471.

"Dr. Mead's copy of this book was purchased "by Dr. Askew for three guineas. At Dr. Askew's sale it produced 11*l.* 16*s.* It was bought "for the British Museum."

"West's Pindar, on large paper, was bought "by Dr. Askew for three guineas. At the sale "of his own books it produced *twelve guineas.*"

"The Boke of Comforte, called in Latin, "Bœtius de consolatione Philosophie, translated "into Englisse tonge, b. l. emprented in the "exempt monasteri of Tavestok in Denshyre, "be me, Dan Thomas Richard, Monke of the "said monastery, to the instant desyre of the "ryght worshypful Esquyre Mayster Robert "Langdon, 1525.

"A copy of this book was purchased by Dr. "Askew at Mr. West's sale for *three pounds.* "At Dr. Askew's sale it was bought by Mr. "Mason for *five pounds.* It would, if sold "now, produce *four times as much.*"

"The Editio princeps of Boetius, published "at Nuremberg, ap. Ant. Coburgers in 1476, "was purchased at Mr. West's sale by Dr. Askew for *seven pounds.* At Dr. Askew's sale, "this copy was purchased by Mr. Mason for "*thirteen guineas.*"

"The Duke of Newcastle gave 147*l.* for a "copy of Traité des Arbres Fruitiers, par Duhamel du Monceau. Paris, 1768. 2 vols. "4to."

"Guillermi Ficheti Theologiæ Doctoris, Rhetoricum Libri tres. 31*l.* 10*s.* This very rare "book is in the Cracherode collection."

"Contes de la Fontaine, 2 vols. 4to.

"This book was richly adorned with miniatures, by the celebrated Marolles, and the "writing was by Monchaussé. It is a beautiful "manuscript on vellum. The value of this "cannot easily be defined. It was bought in "by Laurent, the French bookseller, for the "enormous sum of 315*l.*"

"Grand's Voyages. See de Bure Bibliographie, No. 71.

"This most valuable copy was bought in by "Laurent for 210*l.*"

"Froissart's Chronicle, Englished, by Bouchier.

"Before the appearance of Col. Johnes's elegant translation of Froissart, this by Lord "Berners was the only one in English. It exhibits a memorable example of the progressive value of scarce books. A copy was purchased at Dr. Mead's sale by Lord Berkely, for "2*l.* 15*s.* The copy which is in the British "Museum cost twelve guineas: and the last "which I saw in a bookseller's shop was marked at *sixteen guineas.* A copy sold at Tutet's "sale for 16*l.*"

Among the most entertaining of the extracts which Mr. Beloe has selected from his ancient books, are the songs that he has taken from the Garrick collection. We subjoin one quaint song, by way of a specimen:

TOBACCO.

1.

Tobacco's a Musician,
And in a pipe delighteth,
It descends in a close
Through the organs of the nose,
With a rellish that inviteth.
This makes me sing so ho, so ho boyes,

Ho boyes sound I loudly;
Earth ne'er did breed
Such a jovial weed,
Whereof to boast so proudly.

II.

Tobacco is a Lawyer,
His pipes do love long cases,
When our braines it enters
Our feete do make indentures;
While we scale with stamping paces.
This makes me sing, &c.

III.

Tobacco's a Physician,
Good both for sound and sickly;
'Tis a hot perfume
That expells cold rheume,
And makes it flow downe quickly.
This makes me sing, &c.

IV.

Tobacco is a Traveller,
Come from the Indies hether;
It passed sea and land,
Ere it came to my hand,
And scaped the wind and weather.
This makes me sing, &c.

V.

Tobacco is a Critticke,
That still old paper turneth,
Whose labour and care
Is as smoke in the aire,
That ascends from a rag when it burneth.
This makes me sing, &c.

VI.

Tobacco's an ignis fatuus,
A fat and fyrie vapour,
That leads men about
Till the fire be out,
Consuming like a taper.
This makes me sing, &c.

VII.

Tobacco is a Whyffler,
And cries huff-snuff with furie,
His pipes, his club and linke,
He's the wiser that does not drinke;
Thus armed I fear not a furie.
This makes me sing so ho, so ho, boyes,
Ho boyes sound I loudly;
Earth nere did breed
Such a jovial weed,
Whereof to boast so proudly.

To recapitulate the authors whom Mr. Beloe has abstracted, would be a needless occupation of our pages. We shall only add two or three more instances of antique quaintness. The first is from a collection of Epigrams called the Mouse-trap, which is not mentioned by Warton. It is thus inscribed by the author: *To my no little respected Friend, little John Buck, I dedicate this my little.*

Paulas, a pamphlet doth in prose present
Unto his Lord, " The Fruites of Idle Time,"
Who far more carelesse then therewith content,
Wished he would convert it into rime,
Which done, and brought him at another season,
Said, now 'tis rime, before nor rime nor reason.

Another, by John Heath, who, though he was the author, among other works, of *Two Centuries of Epigrams*, has never been mentioned by Ritson, nor, we believe, by any other of our poetical biographers:

Health is a jewel true, which when we buy,
Physicians value it accordingly.

From an old jest book in the Roxburgh collection, called " *Tales and quick Answeres very mery and pleasant to rede:*

" Of the Ploughman that sayde his Pater-
" noster:

" A rude uplandisshe ploughman which on a
" tyme reprovynge a good holy father, sayd that
" he coude saye all his prayers with a hole mynde
" and stedfast intention, without thinkyng on
" any other thynge. To whome the good holy-
" man sayde, Go to, say one Paternoster to the
" ende, and thynke on no other thinge; and I
" will gyve the myn horse. That I shall do, quod
" the Ploughman, and so began to saye Pater-
" noster qui es in celis, tyll he came to sanctifi-
" cetur nomen tuum, and then his thought
" moved him to aske this question, yea, but
" shall I have the sadil and bridel withal. And
" so he lost his bargain."

In those volumes which Mr. Beloe intends hereafter to lay before the public, we hope that he will consult more carefully the amusement of readers in general than the instruction of antiquaries alone; that he will shorten his accounts and abstracts of black-letter books, and content himself with extracts and anecdotes. Of this we are the mose desirous, because the specimens of entertaining matter, that he has already afforded us, very plainly prove the extent of his resources and the accuracy of his research.

MORE MISERIES!!!

ADDRESSED TO THE MORBID, THE MELANCHOLY, AND THE IRRITABLE.

BY SIR FRETFUL MURMUR, KNT.

THE Miseries of Human Life, of which in a former number we gave our readers an ample account, succeeded so fully with the public in general, that many other works were almost instantly produced in pursuance of the hint thrown out by the first. Among those subsequent works none has been so largely discussed as that called More Miseries; and we may add, none so unjustly treated. Putting the merit of the original idea out of the question, which in a professed imitation it is but fair to do, we cannot see how the present article has deserved the invidious attacks and disadvantageous comparisons with which it has been perpetually assailed. We cannot admire the introductory letters of this work; for all the characters are taken from Humphry Clinker, and, as is too often the case with stolen characters, are destitute of the humour which distinguishes the sprightly original. But neither are the introductory parts of the *Miseries of Human Life* remarkably entertaining. Many people complain that there are not so many good miseries in this volume as in the original; neither are there so many bad ones. The volume is smaller, but the proportion of good and bad is pretty well preserved in the mixture. We will treat this work as we did the other, by giving some examples of both its merits and its demerits.

" Wearing false tops to your half-boots, and " observing that one of them has slided down, " just as a party of dashing women are passing " by.

" Sitting opposite to a man who squints, and " answering him when he is addressing another " person.

" Attending three country cousins to the " opera, who, after staring at the figures painted " upon the ceiling, &c. &c. constantly and audibly ask you who such and such a person is " with a star, at the same time, to prevent all " possibility of your mistaking the object, directing their finger towards him.

" Living in chambers under a man who takes " private lessons in dancing.

" Walking arm in arm with a man of fashion " to whom you have been recently introduced, " and meeting a vulgar acquaintance.

" Hearing ladies talk politics."

The following misery is a real one, and therefore improper to be here introduced:

" Having so flaccid a cheek, that the parish " barber who shaves you is obliged to introduce " his thumb into your mouth to give it a proper " projection, cutting his thumb in this position, " with the razor."

That is to say, cutting through your cheek; which is certainly no joke.

" Being tormented by a flea, during a visit, " crawling up and down the leg under the boot, " so that the nails can administer no relief."

Who can laugh at such a misery as,

" The wife of a clerk in a public office, at a " low salary, producing twins once a year."

The succeeding misery we have often felt:

" Being obliged to hear a stupid fellow boggle " at a speech after dinner, upon being informed " that his health has been drank during his ab- " sence from the room."

But why say drank instead of drunk?

The next misery clearly displays that the author of this book has been accustomed to writing:

" Hearing an ode of your own composition, " which you think pregnant with Pindaric fire " and sublimity, called '*pretty*."

Here we believe ourselves to recognise the Northern Tourist and the Stranger in France: here, in short, we discover that literary Wildair, once Mr. Carr the Traveller, now Sir John Carr, Knight, whose former works, uncultivated by the weeding-hoe of grammar, possess, like the wild poppy, a considerable prettiness with their soporific power: but who now appears desirous of destroying his reputation as an opiate, by the production of a book, which, though it has still the faults of bad grammar and bad style, has at least the merit of frequent drollery.

" Being awakened out of a sound sleep in the " dead of a cold frosty blowing night, in a mail " coach on the weather side, by the agreeable " address of *Sir, please to remember the guard*: " *I go no farther with you, Sir.*"

" Misdirecting your letter to a man whom you " have quizzed in it most confoundedly."

This misery we have heard happened actually to a proprietor of one of our theatres, who had occasion to write to two of his actresses. Mrs.

A. was a lady who had made an indifferent first appearance, and whom he wished to get rid of; but Miss B. was an excellent actress, and was now destined to play the parts that had been originally meant for Mrs. A. But the proprietor, not wishing to apprise Mrs. A. of her intended degradation, wrote to her in substance as follows:

"Dear Madam, I write these few lines to tell you how much I have been charmed with your performance of ——. I cannot but think myself extremely happy in the acquisition of such a treasure; only go on as you have begun, and the theatre must be a gainer indeed. I am, dear Madam," &c. &c.

Wrote by the same post to Miss B.

"Dear Madam, Mrs. A. will not do for us at all; she is a terrible stick, and we must get rid of her as soon as we can. Pray get ready in ——, and believe me, ever your's," &c.

These letters were misdirected. It is easier to conceive than to describe the rage of the discarded lady!

"Going to the theatre to see some distinguished play and performer, having places kept, owing to some of the party not being ready in time, entering your box just as the first act is over, and observing the last bustle of a number of persons who have just descended into your front seats, and are all smirking and smiling to think themselves so very fortunate."

The following misery seems to us extremely silly, for the subject of it could not be sensible of his own woe:

"To be the child of a wet-nurse, and sent to share with another infant, a nipple strongly impregnated with geneva, sky-blue, and other nutritious liquors."

Nor can we approve a misery, which is borrowed from a song in Feudal Times, and which at first was allowable only as farce. We subjoin it:

"In the country, going to a party to dinner, getting very tipsey, quitting the house in a dark night, and getting upon your horse with your face towards the tail, and wondering during the few minutes that you are able to keep your seat, amongst the jeers of your companions, what freak can have entered the brain of the beast to go backwards."

We should think it no joke to be

"Pinned up to the door round the neck by the horns of an enraged over-driven ox."

In the next misery, the "*reputation of a great genius*" again betrays *Sir John*; and the imitation is confirmed by the sequel of the paragraph;

"Invited to dine in the city; having the reputation of a great genius with the party, you are pleased at seeing one of the guests take out his pocket-book and pencil, and write as often as you speak: you push all your *brilliant* puns and quaint sayings: after a little time you observe, with *timid modesty*, that you must be careful, as your observations are recorded; upon which you are told that the gentleman you allude to is a great fishmonger, and that he is merely writing down such thoughts as occurred on business, such as "*twenty-two salmon by the smack Arabella*," &c.

We never yet heard of the most inveterate citizen converting a friend's dinner table into a counting-house.

The following are natural enough:

"In the holidays being asked several classical questions by a dry learned old man in the presence of your father in a large party.

"Listening to the criticisms and arguments of a learned lady.

"Listening to a man who is always aiming at being eloquent, and is very fond of metaphor, which he confounds in the following manner:

"As a mighty river swelled by mountain torrents, over-running its banks, *tramples under foot* every intervening obstacle, and *fired* by opposition *gathers new wings* from every impediment, &c."

The next discloses *Sir John* again:

"Having fabricated a *brilliant impromptu*, which you felt confident would be called forth in the course of conversation, finding no opportunity of introducing it.

"Writing a play with infinite pains, *every line of which you think unrivalled*, and upon beginning to read it to a confidential friend, being informed that the same subject had been dramatized ten years ago.

"Perspiringly entering a crowded drawing-room, struck with horror at perceiving, *as you steal an oblique complacent peep at yourself in the mirror over the chimney*, a dingy dirty line round your forehead, impressed by the inside black leather of a new purchased hat.

"*Saying a good thing* without hitting.

"Having succeeded in fixing yourself in a *most seducing and graceful attitude*, letting your cocked hat fall.

"Losing your voice by a cold, being fond of disputation, and hearing an argument at table, in which you think you could take a shining

" part, whispering loudly, squeaking and sput-
" tering without being intelligible.

" Preparing a company to laugh at a good
" story, and finding that not a muscle moves.

" Being told by a friend that a review, the
" name of which he has forgotten, contains a
" handsome critique upon a book which you
" have written: going into a bookseller's shop
" and taking up a review, in which you find
" yourself unmercifully abused."

The two which follow are exceedingly absurd:

" The pantomime stratagems used on the
" continent by Englishmen ignorant of the lan-
" guage of the country through which they are
" travelling; for instance—Losing your way in
" the streets of Calais, not knowing a word of
" the French language, remembering that your
" hotel is at the Silver Lion, being obliged to
" put a shilling in your mouth, and set yourself
" in the attitude of a lion rampant before you
" can make any one understand, and then with
" infinite difficulty, what it is you mean."

Infinite difficulty indeed, we should think.

" Having a suspicion that your neighbours
" have purloined your turnips, hanging your
" horse at the gate, while you ascertain the
" truth of your conjectures, and upon your
" return, finding that your horse has been made
" away with in your absence."

If the loss of one's horse were no more than a comic misery, it would not be usual to hang the thief who takes it.

We add two or three more, of which we recognised the sad existence.

" Hearing your friends observe of a portrait,
" which did not do you justice, that it was a
" likeness, but if they might be permitted to
" say so, rather flattering.

" Not being able to relieve a lady from her
" empty cup, by reason of having a hot full
" cup in your hand which you are afraid of
" spilling.

" On a journey, both straps of your gaiters
" bursting in bad weather. No boots."

We have now given, as we in conscience believe, an impartial account of this little volume. We have not *averaged* its merit, by giving examples of middling desert, but have selected a few of the best and a few of the worst, leaving our readers to average for themselves. It is always our wish to treat in this manner the works that come under our consideration; for what is middling is always dull, and no book was ever yet by impartial people praised, condemned, or indeed estimated in any way on account of such of its contents as were neither good nor bad.

We sent for a book called *the Comforts of Human Life*, with an intention of subjoining some account of it to the present article; but found it, we are sorry to say, so exceedingly dull, that we were induced, for the sake both of ourselves and of our readers, to abandon that daring design.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LINES

WRITTEN UPON VISITING WINGFIELD CASTLE, IN SUFFOLK, A CELEBRATED RUIN, SOON AFTER RECEIVING NEWS OF THE DEATH OF LORD NELSON.

OF Gothic grandeur and the feudal age,
Behold these relics (awful in decay)
Of *other* times that grac'd th' historic page,
When here the Baron reign'd with sov'reign sway.

Ye monuments of splendour now no more!
Of Gothic grace and beauty scarcely gone!
What tho' relentless Time's unsparing pow'r
Hath left its touch on many a mould'ring stone;

Yet Contemplation, whilst she lingers here,
Gives to thy turrets many a soften'd hue;
She bids the scene of *former* days appear
Warm, and all lovely to the Poet's view:

The *crested window*, and the *banner'd hall*,
That tell the prowess of the Baron bold;
And deck'd with many a pledge the trophied wall,
The proud magnificence of *days of old*.

The *plumed helmet*, and the *pond'rous shield*,
The *sword once* fatal to insulting foes;
The lifted arm that never knew to yield,
And—*but at mercy's call*, no mercy knows.

The picture's softer grace, where side by side
Smile the young hero, and the *matchless maid*;
Some *youth* for whom contending beauties vied,
Some *nymph* for whom aspiring chiefs display'd,

The pomp of tournament, the pride of state,
Where rival knights their rival ardour prov'd;

Whilst beauty's smiles the favour'd youth awhit,
And glance approving on his faithful love.

Fair as, at Fancy's call, these scenes appear,
Whilst mem'ry's hand unlocks her *treasur'd* store,
Reflection gives her tributary tear,
And mourns the loss of splendour now no more.

Of steady valour never known to yield;
Prompt in the *council*, as the *fight* to shine;
Firm as when JOHN to GLORY gave the field,
That stamp'd our *charters* with a *right divine*.

Then *holier* zeal the patriot breast inspir'd,
Unfurl'd the *banner*, and the *cross display'd*;
Then *sacred* truth the warrior's breast inspir'd,
And distant nations trembled at its shade.

But when the softer hours of *smiling peace*,
No more the *helmet* or the lance display'd;
And conquest bade the sounds of discord cease,
Then lent the *softer* arts *their graceful* aid.

The matron then display'd her treasur'd hoard,
Then the *rang'd* tenants smil'd, a cheerful throng,
Partook with answ'ring mirth the festive board,
Or caught with list'ning ear the *minstrel's song*.

Then steady justice held her equal sway,
Rais'd *orphan* virtue from the recent bier,
Gave modest merit to the eye of day,
And caught with *comfort's* hand, the *widow's* tear.

Such were their days of peace! and such be ours!
With every milder virtue, peace can bring!
Gay social scenes with pleasure's fairest hours,
And hospitality's diffusive spring.

Such WAS the *Baron* ONCE! the boast of Fame,
The proud nobility of *other* days!
Ere *factious discord* claim'd the *patriot's* name,
And madd'ning nations caught th' electric blaze.

Ye! who undazzled by this meteor light,
Disdain the sceptic, and his fatal creed;
And led by *virtue's* ray more mildly bright,
Claim from a grateful country valour's meed:

Go! bright examples by their influence fir'd!
Pursue the steps your sires so nobly trod;
And learn from them, with kindred zeal inspir'd,
The path where *glory points*, conducts to God.

Teach the wild French, who now with *impious pow'r*
Profane his temples, and his cross defy;
Teach *them* like YOU to *worship* and ADORE,
And look with trembling confidence on *high*.

And if there are that boast a *Briton's* name,
Whose hearts a while this *fatal influence* prove,
Tell them that THINE and EV'RY BRITON'S claim
Is—*British freedom* with a *monarch's* love.

Not that fell freedom, whose relentless sway
Gives to the grave the *innocent and good*,
Sees horror rise in ev'ry darker day,
And rears her dagger red with guiltless blood.

Not wild *equality's* ungovern'd train,
That holds her court in that unhappy land,
Blood on her brow, and *terror* in her *train*,
Famine, and *fear*, and *war*—a fatal band!

But that *true* liberty, that freedom pure,
Your boasted ancestors still kept in view;
BLED to *obtain*, and *conquer'd* to *secure*;
Then gave (a *rich inheritance*) to YOU.

Go! not unmindful of the high bequest;
Pursue, like them, the path where glory leads;
And oh! whilst kindred ardour fires your breast,
Be proud to emulate their *brightest* deeds.

If *rous'd* to ANGER by insulting foes,
The senate hears another *Chatham's* pow'rs,
Or call'd to arms, the martial hero goes,
Another *Wolfe* to India's distant shores:

A grateful *nation* shall record your praise,
And ev'ry anxious wish your course pursue;
Glory shall twine her fairest wreath of bays,
And beauty give her softest sigh to *you*.

Or oh! if doom'd on *conquest's* lap to fall,
Fall like that gallant hero now we mourn;
Like him lamented, and belov'd by all,
Who knew his worth, and mourn around his urn.

If fair like *his*, THY bright example shine
In valour's path, on vict'ry's proudest day,
Like his, a *weeping senate's* praise be *thine*,
With all that friendship and the muse can pay.

Then shall some happier pen record thy praise,
Than *her's*, who wand'ring mid these Gothic tow'rs,
Sigh'd o'er the retrospect of *other days*,
And gave to Fancy's eye the *faded hours*.

M. C.

TO A FRIEND IN TEARS,

WHO REQUESTED THE AUTHOR NOT TO ENQUIRE THE CAUSE OF THEM.

In sympathy, with fond enquiring eye,
Mark the pale cheek where once bright blushes stray'd;

Read the hush'd language of the secret sigh,
And smiles scarce breaking thro' the sudden shade:

Think not she asks with wonder's co'd surmise,
Why sadness meets her in so fair a form;
Why from thy cheek, Love's varying colour flies,
Or o'er the rose, why breaks the transient storm.

Enough for her, that o'er its glowing hue,
The cruel gale with wanton pow'r *has* pass'd;
That its chaste beauties shrinking from the view,
Confess the influence of the congenial blast.

Yet spring again shall come—again shall cheer
The heart's dread winter—and with May's blest pow'r,
Charm from the drooping rose, the ling'ring tear,
And shed its sweets o'er joy's recover'd hour.

M. C.

A COMPARISON,

ON READING THE LETTERS OF LORD CHATHAM TO HIS NEPHEW.

Utrum horum mavis accipe.

VOT'RIES of fashion! train'd in folly's schools,
Who form your lives by Stanhope's golden rules!
Dare I your *serious* thoughts one moment ask?
(From *you*, believe me, no such *easy* task;)
Could I but once your wav'ring minds engage,
And turn your eyes to Chatham's purer page;
Then, if unquench'd one virtuous spark remain,
How would you loath your idol's galling chain!
His vice-fraught rules in native horror see,
And learn of Chatham to be great and free.—
Think not I strive, by partial judgment blind,
The heart to bias, or mislead the mind:
Let each the precepts which he taught, declare,
And you're to judge which best deserve your care.
What says your boast?—From youth to manhood's prime
Let fashion's dictates regulate your time;
Leave the *concerns* of life to wiser *chance*,
And learn to chatter French, drink, dress, and dance.
What tho' you friendship's gen'rous trust betray,
Kindness with blackest perfidy repay;
Seduce the daughter, and corrupt the wife,
Dissolve the strongest bonds of social life;
In beauty's bosom plant the rankling thorn,
On murder'd peace look down with silent scorn;
Wear virtue's mask to gain a private end,
With base ingratitude desert a friend;
These are but *faults* from which no youth is free:
Accomplishments, which form the *bel esprit*.
Do thou but clean thy teeth, keep *white* thy skin,
This fair exterior covers ev'ry sin,
And hides the blackness of the heart within.
In what high strain of eloquence he rails
'Gainst fidlers, Hottentots, and ragged nails:
Lays down his rules to regulate the face,
To grin with fashion, and to smile with grace,
But never *laugh*, tis *vulgar*, common-place.
The modest blush and timid eye reveal
Such "*mauvaise honte*," an air so ungenteel,
By brazen Impudence (with him) alone
Are parts discover'd, and true merit known.
And could Petronius * really then suppose,
That monkies, coxcombs, witlings, rakes, and beaux,
The fopling's grin, the lounger's idle stare,
Were all the requisites to please the fair?
'Tis *false*, by heav'n! (forgive th'unguarded word)
'Tis monstrous then, 'tis libellous, absurd.
Know to thy shame the *British* fair despise,
The *puppy's* flatt'ry, and the coxcomb's lies,
True merit only gains the beauteous prize.

Ingenious sophist! with discerning eye,
He draws the line 'twixt falsehood and the lie;
Deck'd in morality's *delusive* dress,
We mark his specious sophistry the less.
Vice cleans'd by him attracts with new delight,
And Error's mist deludes the clouded sight.
But thou, great Chatham, youth's illustrious friend,
Whose truth convinces, and whose precepts mend,
Not such the morals in thy works we find,
Pure emanations of a spotless mind!
With thee each virtue wears her loveliest form
The heart to captivate, the bosom warm;
To point the road to happines thy aim;
Bid man to liberty assert his claim.
Pure was the motive, gen'rous the design,
Virtuous the precepts, and th' example thine.

J. S.

TO ANNA.

THE lips that display the bright tints of the morning,
The rose-dimpled cheek, and the brilliant blue eye,
And all the bright charms each fair female adorning,
Have oft heav'd my fond breast, with a passion fraught sigh.

* See Cowper's Progress of Error.

But when youth's lovely cheek boasts fair modesty's blushes,
When on health's rosy lips plays an innocent smile,
When pity's bright gem from the dazzling eye gushes,
And wit and good humour each hour can beguile:

When beauty and worth shine in mutual splendour,
When the rose-dimpled cheek glows with pity's bright dew,
My heart must acknowledge a passion as tender,
And bow to their owner, dear Anna, to you.

And ah! lovely angel, the tender impression,
Indelibly fix'd by such charms must remain,
Whilst love heighten'd by virtue impels the confession,
That my hand boasts the bondage and blesses its chain.

Yet might I but hope a return.—Ah! no,—never!
Unheard of, unknown, unlamented I sigh—
The hope I had cherish'd, is vanish'd for ever,
Uncar'd for I languish, unpity'd I die.

Oh! deign, fairest maid, when my woes are all ended,
Drop a tear on the green turf that covers my head;
And the seraph of peace from high heaven descended,
Shall bless the bright dew-drop that pity has shed.

EDWARD C.

FINE ARTS.

ON the 18th of this month, the rooms of the British Institution (late the Shakespeare Gallery,) in Pall Mall, opened for the exhibition and sale of the works of British Artists. There are perhaps no rooms in London, either public or private, so admirably calculated for the display of an exhibition of pictures; they were fitted up for that purpose, with a liberal disregard of expence, under the inspection of artists and amateurs of the first abilities, and, whoever recollects the Shakespeare Gallery, must agree that their judgment was unequivocally sanctioned by the public approbation. That great collection, designed to illustrate and embellish the works of our national bard, through the medium of national artists, being now dispersed, it is no small satisfaction to us that the seat of our former gratification still continues devoted to those elegant purposes for which it was at first designed; and that those walls which contained the finest efforts of the British pencil employed in embodying the finest ideas of the British muse, still continue to be a favoured repository of the labours of our native painters.

The present collection contains three hundred and seven pictures, and among the contributors to the exhibition are to be found, the president of the Royal Academy, Sir William Beechey, Northcote, Lawrence, Opie, Rigaud, Westall, Shee, Stothard, Singleton, Copley, Daniel, Howard, Barker, Reynolds, Drummond, Ward, Atkinson, Shelley, &c. &c. There are also three excellent pieces of sculpture from the chisels of Bacon, Nollekens, and Flaxman. But what must render this exhibition particularly interesting and attractive to the public, is the assemblage, in one part of the gallery, of above twenty models of monuments to the memory of the three illustrious characters, whom parliament have voted worthy of the highest sepulchral honours; Mr. Pitt, Lord Nelson, and the Marquis Cornwallis. These are the models which are to be referred to a select committee appointed by parliament to examine their respective merits, and to determine the artist most worthy to execute these splendid memorials of national gratitude.

Of a miscellaneous collection of pictures, the merits must of course be various. Many of the pictures which are comprised in this exhibition, have already been submitted to the public eye, and the public voice has decided on their merits. Of this description, are Mr. Northcote's five pictures, exemplifying the effects of good and bad conduct in the progress of two servant girls; Mr. Copley's Charles the First, demanding in the house of commons the five impeached members; a Crucifixion and Ascension, by Mr. West; the death of Lindamore and Richard Lovelace in prison, by Mr. Rigaud; and some other pictures which those who have been in the habit of attending the exhibitions at Somerset house, cannot fail of recognizing as old acquaintance.

We mention this, however, by no means in derogation of the exhibition: by far the greatest part of the pictures are entirely new to the public, and in no way detract from the high reputation which the artists we have mentioned already so deservedly enjoy. Among the novelties of the exhibition, No. 39, the dead body of Patroclus brought to the Grecian camp; a picture by a young artist of the name of Douglas Guest, which obtained the gold medal from the Royal Academy, December 10th 1805; No. 40, Prospero and Miranda, by Mr. Shee; No. 52, Christ appearing to Mary Magdalen on the morning of his resurrection, Mr. Westall; No. 64, Bravery and Humanity, an affecting story well delineated, by Sir William Beechey; and No. 84, the Witch sailing to Aleppo, J. J. Halls; all in the first room, are deserving of much commendation. With No. 78, the death of James II. at the Abbey of St. Germains, Louis XIV. at his bedside promising to place his son on the throne of England, (vide Dalrymple's Memoirs), by Mr. Westall, we have this fault to find, that neither the portraits of Louis nor James in the least resemble the likenesses that are handed down to us of those sovereigns. In an historical painting where original likenesses could easily have been obtained, this is a capital defect: the statue of James II. at the back of Whitehall, itself an exquisite performance, would have afforded an admirable likeness of that unfortunate prince, and of Louis, there is scarcely any sovereign of whom so many undoubtedly original portraits exist.

In the middle room, No. 97. a portrait of Mr. Kemble in the character of Hamlet, is entitled to our warmest praise, and does the highest honour to the artist, Mr. Lawrence; No 100, the foot-path bridge; 101, girl at a cottage door; and 107, peasant's child returning from market, all by Mr. Westall, are marked with that truth and simplicity of style, which so eminently distinguish the works of this artist. We regret that the limits of our present number will not allow us to particularize all the paintings in the present pleasing exhibition, which we think particularly entitled to our approbation; but as the Royal Academy will not open for near two months, and the British Gallery will continue for public inspection till about that period, we shall revert to this subject again, with the advantage of having a longer interval of time to form our judgment on the merits of the respective artists.

Of the models for monuments to the memory of those illustrious persons whose loss the nation has not ceased to deplore, we can at present only offer a few observations on two, both executed by Mr. Bacon, the one intended for Mr. Pitt, the other to commemorate Lord Nelson. In executing these models, Mr. Bacon informs us, that his judgment was guided by the three following considerations:

1st. "That every public memorial should convey to posterity a distinct reference to the eventful times in which we live, more fully than has been usual among artists"

2d. "That it is incumbent on the sculptor to pay the highest possible tribute of honour, (if it be a just one) to the individual he is employed to commemorate."

3dly. "That it is more advantageous to select a distinguished feature of the character of the deceased, or in the period of his public services, than to crowd a monument with numerous and subordinate allusions."

Impressed with these sentiments, the artist has taken the period of the French revolution, as affording the most eminent display of the talents and firmness of Mr. Pitt.

The prominent feature of his model, which we must freely acknowledge we think nobly conceived, is a terrestrial globe, against which are figures in bas relief, representing Britannia interposing her trident in defence of Order and Justice, assaulted by Anarchy and Atheism. The Cerberus and a Serpent are grouped with the two latter figures, referring to the infernal agency by which such principles prevail.

To the left of the globe is a figure of Religion, contemplating the contest which convulses the earth, and with her hand and countenance raised, is imploring the interposition of Divine Providence, seen at the upper part of the composition descending on a rainbow, and placing the rudder of the state in the hand of Mr. Pitt: on an open book at the feet of Religion, are inscribed from the 64th Psalm v. 22. the words *Surge O Deus, age causam tuam.*

The statesman is represented standing on the aforementioned globe, attended by Wisdom and Integrity, and contending for the happiness and independence of his country by the exertions of his eloquence; and in allusion to the final issue of the conflict, a subverted emblematical figure of Rebellion is lying at the under part of the monument.

This will doubtless be thought by many sufficiently complimentary to the memory of the late minister; but we forbear to say more on the subject, as the models are under the consideration of a committee every way qualified to decide on their respective merits, and until they have passed their judgment it would be highly indecorous in us to obtrude our opinion on the public.

The model of a monument, to commemorate

Lord Nelson, by the same artist, is more elaborate in its design. At the head of the composition is Britannia, seated on a column, which, by the emblems attached to it, is intended to represent the Pillar of the State. To exemplify this idea, the upper part of the pillar is enriched with figures of Monarchy, Aristocracy, and Democracy, allusive to the mixed form of the British government. The column is likewise ornamented with the Bible and Cross, symbolical of the Christian religion; and the Sword and Scales, the Pelican, the Mariner's Compass, the Artist's Palette, the Cornucopia. &c. &c. are introduced as the separate emblems of Justice, Benevolence, Commerce, Science, and Prosperity.

In the centre of the monument is the figure of the immortal Nelson, defending the Pillar of the State, by the exertion of his naval prowess, which the artist, to use his own words, "conceived could not be more appropriately characterized than by introducing a cherub in the act of placing the Thunder in his Lordship's hand, especially as this idea has reference to that Divine Source to which the nation at large, and emphatically the departed Admiral ascribed the unparalleled victories he achieved."

Lord Nelson, in this design, though still energetic in the exercise of his command, is supposed to be sinking under the fatal wound he received. He rests partly upon a cannon, and is partly supported by a sailor. At this moment Victory is seen descending She exhibits in her left hand a triple wreath, in allusion to the three principal achievements of the illustrious hero; and in elucidation of the same idea, she is placing at his feet, the standards of France, Denmark, and Spain, on the former of which is inscribed Aboukir, on the second Copenhagen, and on the third Trafalgar: while on the opposite side of the monument a figure of Anarchy, or Devastation, is represented chained to the stern of the conqueror's ship, the Victory.

This appears to us a want of taste, an impropriety, perhaps a barbarism; but Mr. Bacon says in his vindication, "he hopes, though the above idea is new, he is justified in offering it to the favourable consideration of the committee to whose tribunal his mould is respectfully submitted. Alluding to the ancient custom of chaining captives, taken in war, to the chariot wheels of the conquerors, he ventures to suggest the interrogative ——Whether Great Britain, as a ruling maritime power, may not with equal consistency be represented, in an emblematical composition, as having chained a turbulent and unprincipled enemy to the rudder of her Admiral's ship?"

In the back ground, to the left of the pillar first named, a willow is faintly represented—in reference to that universal feeling of sympathy and regret, which the loss of so eminent and successful a commander occasioned. At the base of the monument is introduced a Sarcophagus, enriched with his Lordship's arms, over which is a bas relief of the battle of Trafalgar. This action in a large monument would be of a sufficient size to afford an opportunity of representing the form of the enemy's line, and the manner in which Lord Nelson's memorable attack was commenced.

At the sides of the Sarcophagus are placed the British Lion, and the Egyptian Sphinx: on these are seated prominent figures of Valour and Vigilance; the former is a warrior, distinguished by the sword, shield, and lion on which he rests; the latter a female, distinguished by the telescope she bears in her hands.

From this account of the model of Lord Nelson's monument, our readers may form some judgment of the elaborateness of the composition; and it would be doing injustice to the ingenious artist not to remark, that he has shewn great skill in harmonizing the several portions of his work: but filled as we are with the recent memory of the greatness of Nelson's exploits, it fails to convey to us the idea of a memorial worthy of his fame. The highest degree of grandeur is consistent with the most perfect simplicity. Cannot a monument be designed for Nelson, in which all the meretricious ornaments of allegory shall be rejected, and yet the noble, heroic, and illustrious actions of that matchless commander, be preserved to postesity, as long as marble can communicate the remembrance of them?

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE THEATRE.

Drury-Lane.

On Wednesday, the 28th of January, was brought forward a new play in five acts, called *Assignation*. It was the work of Miss Sophia Lee, who had acquired considerable celebrity in the literary world, by the Recess, the Canterbury Tales, and several other entertaining productions of her inventive muse. The unfavourable reception which befel the comedy of *Assignation*, makes it unnecessary for us to give a very full ac-

count of characters, which were not very new, and a plot which was not very intelligible. How it happened that Miss Lee, who certainly evinced considerable dramatic talents in her *Chapter of Accidents*, should have slipped into so wretched a taste, as that which pervaded *Assignation*, it is not our business at present to enquire; but as genius is not very plentiful, we cannot help sighing when it fails.

The leading character of the piece, is the lady represented by Miss Duncan. This lady has been married to a dashing baronet, who has since abandoned her, and who is admirably pourtrayed by the lively Elliston. She follows him to England in man's apparel, in hopes of effecting his reform. She there discovers that his affections are paid to another lady, whom, however, she resolves to dispossess of his affection. She accordingly contrives an assignation with the baronet, in the name of his new inamorata, discovers herself, touches the gay *Lothario* with remorse, and completely reclaims him.

The principal defects of the play were defects, certainly of some importance; the want of interest, and the want of humour. The scenes, for the most part, were long, heavy, and unconnected. The language, indeed, was frequently not inelegant, but it was stuffed with maukish sentiment, and unadorned with imagery and with wit. Can we wonder that an audience should have condemned it? It is true that the disapprobation was rather premature; for it began even in the first act, and first acts, like great men, are licensed to be dull and long winded: but the play so well deserved the fate it met with, that we are rather inclined to compliment the spectators on their prophetic spirit, than to bestow upon them that censure, which their want of candour in strictness deserves. Mrs. Henry Siddons is made to fall in love with a nobleman on the wrong side of sixty, and even to favour him with an open declaration; and then, in order to balance the account of love between age and youth, and give a new proof, if proof had been wanting, that antiquity is as capable of doating on boyhood, as early virginity on grey hairs, Miss Pope is introduced to the audience in the very original character of a romantic old maid. Mathews was a dry pedant, whose concern in the play it was difficult to discover: and Bannister, who bore the heaviest odium of all, represented a drunken and blackguard Admiral. Now, without considering the political impropriety of holding out the navy to the ridicule of the stage, we ask Miss Lee, upon the principle of prudence, whether she could, in common reason, imagine for a moment, that John Bull would endure low jokes and disgraceful situations, in a character which always deserves, and which has hitherto received, his most enthusiastic admiration and respect? Henry Siddons almost monopolized the applause of the evening, by the strength of his expression, and the warmth of his feeling. His character too was less objectionable than the others. Much as was done by the general demerit of the play to bring down upon it *vengeance from the Gods*, perhaps the following absurd incident alone contributed as strongly to the damnation, as all the other objectionable matter combined. Two servants were quarrelling about a letter, when a third entered, and to put an end to all contention, tore the unfortunate epistle in halves, and presented a moiety to each of the disputants!

In the fourth act, the tumult arrived to such a height, that not a syllable of the dialogue could be distinguished. Mr. Wroughton stepped forward, and neatly addressed the audience. He requested that the performers might be permitted to finish their duty, and promised that at the end of the piece the opinion of the audience should be decisive. This appeal had the effect of restoring some order till the conclusion of the play: but when that awful moment arrived, the Managers thought it most prudent to abstain from announcing the performance for a second representation. Miss Duncan made some amends for the disappointment of the audience, by her excellent delivery of the Epilogue.

In the following week was produced at the same Theatre a ballet, by way of interlude, called *Emily, or Juvenile Indiscretion*. It was a little too long, but the excellent and graceful performance of Miss Gayton, the youthful *danseure*, continues to lend it attraction.

We have now to speak of a play, which will afford us the pleasant occupation of panegyric. It is the *Curfew*, a posthumous production of that great dramatic poet, Mr. Tobin. If the comedy of the *Honey Moon* entitled its author to the praises of an elegant style, a lively dialogue, and a faculty of thinking newly on an old subject, the *Curfew* entitles him to other praises of a higher description, the praises of a forcible conception, a brilliant imagination, and a powerful command of dramatic effect.

It was acted, for the first time, on the 19th of February, and the plot of the Play is nearly as follows:

Hugh de Tracy, a Norman Baron, has been instigated, by an anonymous letter, to suspect the fidelity of his wife, *Matilda:* and having, from a concealment where he has stationed himself, discovered a man in her chamber, has attacked her in a paroxysm of rage, and left her for dead. She, however, has been but slightly

wounded, and has escaped, with her infant, from Normandy to England. Here she takes up her abode in a village, where her lonely mode of life gives rise to an opinion among the vulgar, that she deals in witchcraft. After some years *Hugh de Tracy*, coming over with William the Conqueror, settles in the very hamlet where his wife is residing as an obscure peasant. A young man, of humble birth, whom *Baron de Tracy* has educated, conceives a violent attachment to his daughter *Florence*; and *Florence* in her turn, not insensible to his passion, but terrified by her father, who has imprecated curses on her head if she should marry a man so meanly born, consents to fly with *Bertrand* after *curfew*. She sets forward in male attire to meet him, and on her way is intercepted by a band of Danish robbers, who, in the absence of their Captain, *Fitzharding*, drag her to their haunt, rob her, and deliver her to *Robert*, one of their gang, to be murdered, lest she betray the secrets of their prison-house. To *Robert* she, however, discovers her sex, and he, touched with compassion, effects her escape. She flies to the cottage where *Matilda* dwells, and, in pursuance of an order from the castle to seize on suspicion of witchcraft *Matilda* and all who are found in her house, is hurried by her father's servants, who, however, do not recognise her in her new apparel, to the Castle of *De Tracy*. *Fitzharding*, the captain of the robbers, who, for an insult inflicted on him in early life, bears the deadliest hatred to *De Tracy*, has come to the castle disguised as a Confessor, and has given notice to his gang that at *curfew* he will admit them within the gates. *Robert*, the preserver of *Florence*, is the son of *Matilda* and the Baron; fond of a roving life, he has attached himself to the robbers, in spite of the advice and education which he has received from his mother; but horror-struck at the complicated plot, though ignorant that the object of it is his father, shoots a paper, fastened on an arrow, into the castle yard, betraying the whole of the conspiracy. This paper the Baron, being according to the fashion of the times an unlettered man, delivers to the pretended Friar to read for him: and this Friar, discerning the contents, pockets it in haste, declaring it to be nothing but an indecent ballad. He is receiving the penitence of the Baron when *Matilda*, in her peasant's dress, is brought before them on the charge of witchcraft. During her examination some circumstances lead her to suspect the Friar; and when three persons, in the habit of minstrels, are admitted to the presence of the Baron, she advises him to search them. They are accordingly examined, and beneath their robes are found their coats of mail and the complete accoutrements of outlaw robbers. She disclaims any dealings with supernatural powers, yet promises to bring before him his lost wife. She leaves him in great agitation, and he appoints with the Friar, as a place of further confession, the cenotaph of his lamented *Matilda*. There the Friar meets him, and, trusting to the loneliness of the place, discovers himself to be the outlaw captain, whom, when serving under him in his youth, he had branded on the arm for a trifling offence, informs him that *Matilda* was innocent, and that himself, in the spirit of revenge against *De Tracy*, had compassed the dreadful consequences of her suspected infidelity. Having now enjoyed the torments of the Baron's conscience for a number of years, he is eager to complete his vengeance by murdering his enemy, who stands stupified with fear and repentance. He lifts his hand to inflict a fatal blow, when *Matilda* advances from the cenotaph in her proper habits, and calls for lights. Attendants enter, the Baron is forgiven by *Matilda*, and *Fitzharding* is hurried away in confinement. An alarum is heard, for the robbers are attacking the castle. They are repulsed by the vassals under the guidance of *Bertrand*, whom the Baron rewards with the hand of the fair fugitive *Florence*. *Robert* is recognized for the heir of *De Tracy*, and the piece concludes.

The comic characters are those of *Walter*, an old servant, and *Conrad*, one of the robbers: but little of the important business depends on these humourists.

The four first acts of this play are, in our judgment, equal to almost any production of the dramatic art. But the fifth, unfortunately for the fame of Mr. Tobin, is greatly inferior to the promise of its precursors. Whether it more resembled the *Revenge*, or the *School of Reform*, we will not decide: but it certainly does no credit to its author's powers of dramatic arrangement. The interest has mounted to the summit in the fourth act: and having no room to rise any higher, necessarily descends the hill. The author probably intended that the explanation of the revengeful *Fitzharding* should strike like thunder on the audience; but they remembered *Zanga*, and were not astonished. He probably hoped to produce a forcible effect by the sudden appearance of *Matilda*: but here he frustrated himself, for a scene, in our opinion, very useless, in the *second* act had betrayed her real condition to the spectators, and no degree of surprize could of course be experienced when in the *fifth* she declared herself again. But the beautiful poetry, the appropriate imagery, the nervous sentiment

of the foregoing acts, not only rescue this play from condemnation on account of its conclusion, but place it, we repeat, in the highest class of English literature. Thus, at least, it appears to us on seeing the *Curfew* acted: whether, when the scenes come before us at the quieter judgment-seat of the closet, we shall adhere to our opinion, we cannot declare! but if we may judge by the effect which the *Honey Moon* produced upon us in perusal, we are inclined to think that we shall scarcely deviate from the panegyric we have now pronounced.

We have seen plays, upon the whole, better performed. Elliston, like the piece in which he acted, sank in the fifth act. Throughout the four first he shone with all the effect which his native genius, his ardent spirit, and his magnificent voice were naturally calculated to produce. Miss Duncan played very well and looked very well: but her part was a bad one. Mrs. Powell's character did not exactly suit her; for she excels more in passion than in declamation. Bannister was not extremely successful: nor can we compliment Mr. Penley; who has an unlucky way of disconnecting his sentences from the point to which they lead, and thus making them a little obscure. Barrymore, however, played *De Tracy* extremely well; and Henry Siddons, in *Bertrand*, drew down the most just and enthusiastic applause. Mathews had little to do: but he did that little well.

The beginning of the representation was two or three times interrupted by the clamour of persons unable to procure seats. But as the house became more attentive, the merits of the play were better felt, and it was announced for a second performance on Saturday the 21st, amidst the rapturous acclamations of an overflowing audience.

[*The Prologue and Epilogue will be given in our next Number.*]

The Opera of *False Alarms* has been laid upon the shelf, probably for ever; for in the play-bill is underlined this fatal hint: "*Due notice will be given of the next representation of the new Opera of False Alarms, or My Cousin.*"

A new After-piece, in two acts, is in rehearsal.

COVENT-GARDEN.

At Covent-garden there has been nothing new: for the unexampled success of that excellent Pantomime, *Mother Goose*, has made it unnecessary for the Proprietors to furnish any fresh regale. Grimaldi still continues to delight the town by his admirably grotesque exhibitions; and the picture of Jupiter and Leda, which hangs against one of the scenes, seems to be an insinuation, no less true than ingenious, that all *such geese* are *swans*.

Yet there is one of the plays which have accompanied *Mother Goose* that demands our particular attention, both from its own intrinsic excellence, and from the great strength of cast by which it was supported. Our readers will be aware that we allude to the *Jealous Wife*: which is, perhaps, one of the very best dramas in the English language, and affords an agreeable instance of truly *genteel Comedy*. A young Lady, to avoid a match with a groom-like Baronet, elopes from her father to the house of a relation, a profligate woman of fashion, where her honour is attempted by a coxcomb lord. She is delivered from his attack by a young gentleman to whom she is attached, and flies to the house of a friend, who, dreading the jealousy of his wife, hesitates to afford her an asylum; but, at last, after a violent quarrel with the suspicious dame, grants a shelter to the gentle fugitive. Meanwhile her father and the Baronet are seized by a press-gang, under an Irish captain, at the instigation of his Lordship and his convenient woman of fashion; but the Irishman, delivering to the heroine's gallant champion a letter intended by his Lordship for the fashionable Lady, instead of a challenge intended for that young gentleman, reveals the conspiracy against the father and the Baronet. The Baronet finding the Lady unwilling, resigns his pretensions; the mutual attachment of the heroine and her deliverer is finally crowned with success; and the jealous wife, perceiving, by their marriage, the folly of all her suspicions, is reconciled to her husband, and to her husband's brother, who, throughout the play, has been the great opposer of her conjugal power.

Now these materials are certainly simple, and yet afford room for much comedy; nor will it escape the eye of a close observer, that some of the characters and a part of the plot bear a strong resemblance to the story of *Sophia Western* in *Tom Jones*. Sophia is *Harriot Russel*: Squire Western is not indeed *Mr. Russel* the father, but *Sir Harry Beagle*, the lover whom the father recommends: and Lady Freelove are so like *Lady Bellaston*, that it is almost impossible to draw a distinction between them. Sophia has a positive father so has *Harriot*. Sophia flies from him—so does *Harriot*. Sophia takes refuge with a profligate woman of quality—so does *Harriot*. Tom Jones has his vices; and *Charles Oakly* gets drunk. But to abandon these comparisons, which, after all, do not lessen the merit of Mr. Colman's Comedy, we will take notice of a defect in this comedy, which we think extremely

important. It is the character of *Captain O'Cutter*. Now it by no means follows that because a man was born in Ireland he must needs be a fool; nor can we believe it within the bounds of nature and probability, that a man holding the rank of captain could be so illiterate as to be unable to read the directions of two letters, or so stupid as to vindicate himself by saying, as *Captain O'Cutter* does say in the fourth act, that having two letters to deliver to two people, he thought it sufficient if he gave them one a-piece. But, with this *exception*, we know no play more unexceptionable than the *Jealous Wife:* the characters being all of them strongly marked, and some of them new to the stage.

Nor was this excellent play condemned to suffer in its effects by any deficiency of performance. Mr. Blanchard, who plays *Squire Russet*, is, it must be owned, a hard actor; but he seldom disgusts, nor did he in this instance offend. Fawcett's *Sir Harry* was excellent: and we could not help laughing at Lewis's *Lord Trinket*—but he threw so inordinate a proportion of buffoonery into a character, which, whatever be its faults, should at least be gentlemanly, that while we laughed, we blamed ourselves. His dress, too, was the most anomalous and absurd we ever saw. How does it happen that an actor of Mr. Lewis's merit and of Mr. Lewis's experience, can make himself ridiculous by mummery, or frightful by monstrous apparel? Pope, in *Oakly*, was too tragic; he lifted his arms too often above his head, which is an action properly peculiar to heroes, and this made him, in the first act, not comic, but absurd; however, as the play advanced, he improved, and his determination to protect the unhappy *Harriot* drew down a thunder of applause. Cooke, as *Major Oakly*, was highly comic. Surely comedy is the proper walk of this admirable actor: for though he never plays at all without doing something well, yet in comedy he seldom plays without doing every thing admirably! Waddy's *O'Cutter* was respectable, and Charles Kemble, in *Young Oakly*, played in his best manner. He is justly celebrated for his drunken scenes, and he did not, in this instance, belie his fame: but the situation in which we most admired him, was that in which, with a gentlemanly ease peculiar to himself, he motioned *Lord Trinket* from the door, in order to deliver *Harriot* a second time from his Lordship's attack. We wish the generality of our actors would recollect when they are playing gentlemen, how expedient it is to wear the carriage and manners of gentlemen—this is the point in which our theatres are most deficient

The part of *Mrs. Oakly* was performed by Mrs. Glover, an actress whose merits we lament that we have not more frequent opportunities of pointing out to our readers. The only fault of her *Mrs. Oakly*, was that it had too much feeling. *Mrs. Oakly*, throughout the whole play, is rather of the passionate than of the melting mood: and even when she falls into fits, they are not of the fainting languishes of sensibility, but the half real and half affected weakness of exhausted fury. *Mrs. Oakly* in that scene of the fifth act, where she summons, dispatches, and recalls, with so much voluble uncertainty, almost every servant in her house, appears from a perusal of the author's words, to be in a fretful and peevish humour; but Mrs. Glover is almost moved to tears, and those, not the tears of disappointed rage, but of suffering affection. When Mrs. Mattocks undertook the part of *Lady Freelove*, did she think she was acting an Abigail? Or is the insufferable vulgarity which she displayed in this fashionable character inseparable, even for an hour, from her nature and her habits? Such a defect is terribly ruinous to the general effect of the Comedy, because it is impossible for a spectator to delude himself into an opinion that the elegant and modest *Harriot* could ever have thrown herself into the arms of a person whose manners were the growth of the kitchen. Vice, in order to effect her purposes, must assume an agreeable and insinuating air: but the unprincipled levity of *Lady Freelove* gains no alluring varnish from the touch of Mrs. Mattocks, for indeed it was never our misfortune to witness a performance so disagreeably coarse. Miss Brunton, in *Harriot*, looked very pretty, as usual, and acted as well as usual: that is, quite well enough for the sentimental Miss of a Comedy.

The great success of *Mother Goose* will prevent the immediate production of novelty. However, Mr. Morton's Comedy is in rehearsal. Mr. Cherry is said to have an Opera in preparation: the Hon. Mr. Lambert's farce of *Whistle for it*, which was acted with so much success in the private theatricals at Stanmore Priory, has been put in a train for appearance; and it is said that there are two or three *Farces upon the stocks* —which their authors expect to become *stock farces*.

THE OPERA.

Madame Catalani still continues to delight crowded audiences. But she has now twice disappointed the public on the morning of the day appointed for her performance; a habit which even among the most favourite performers is with difficulty tolerated by the spectators, and which, in a new actress, we conceive to be one of the

most dangerous tricks that it is possible to adopt. On Saturday the 21st, the performances were to have been *Semiramide* and *Alzire*: but Madame Catalani absented herself, and they were changed, only on the same morning, to *Il Principe di Taranto*, with *Tamerlane et Bajazet*. Mr. Naldi, and even Mr Siboni and Madame Perini, may have some attraction, but surely not in the *Principe di Taranto*, an opera, of which the public are quite tired, and of which they expressed their weariness, by leaving the benches empty. But all the indulgence which the proprietors and conductors of the King's Theatre have shewn to performers, will appear misplaced, and all the attention which they have ever been anxious to display, in accommodating and pleasing their subscribers, and the public in general, will have been completely thrown away, if such insults are allowed upon an audience as that which was committed on the 21st, by Mr. Naldi. Being encored in his song of *Su e giu*, and experiencing considerable opposition, his vanity so far got the better of his judgment and of his decency, that in the obstinacy of his determination to sing his song again, he threw himself into various ridiculous attitudes, resembling those of Grimaldi in the pantomime, and at last, made a violent leap toward the footlamps. The opposition was not much abated by this piece of buffoonery; but Mr. Naldi began his repetition, and had the coolness to introduce in his song, the words, "Some say 's—s—s,' others, 'off, off, off." We wish the whole house had said so.

Siboni and Perini acquitted themselves extremely well.

In the divertisements and in the ballets, there is at present a constellation of merit, which we scarcely hope to see equalled. Parisot improves every year: and Miss Cranfield, though not so strong, nor so agile, is as neat, and as graceful. The muscular powers of Madame Deshayes, continue to delight the spectators; and the vigour of Presle, though unaccompanied by grace, strikes us with the greatest astonishment. Last, not least, let us pay our tribute of applause to Deshayes himself, the flying Apollo of the fairy scene. We shall scarcely be believed, when we say, that he is even better than he was last winter.

A new Comic Opera has been produced, which is very much superior to the generality of such productions. It is called *Roberto l' Assassino*. *Lisetta*, a young lady of fortune, elopes from her father *Alberto*, in pursuit of her lover *Astolpho*, who is gone with his regiment to scour a forest of a band of robbers headed by *Roberto*. She and her servant *Fagotto* fall into the hands of these banditti, but are rescued by *Astolpho*, who captures the whole gang. They return to *Alberto*, and he, in the bandit *Roberto*, recognizes his only son, who, in early life fled from him to enjoy liberty and necessity. He procures his pardon; *Astolpho* is united to *Lisetta*, and *Fagotto* to her maid *Carlotta*. Naldi's *Roberto* is a commendable performance, and Rovedino's *Fagotto* was beyond our expectations.

The new ballet of *Alzire*, which is taken from Voltaire's tragedy of the same name, continues to be very attractive.

ORATORIOS.

The Oratorios, which, on the Wednesdays and Fridays in Lent, usually supply the place of scenic performances, began at Govent-Garden Theatre, on Friday, the 18th of February. They are under the conduct of Mr. Ashley; and among the professional artists whose talents have been called forth on the present occasion are Braham and Bellamy, Mrs. Bland, Mrs. Dickens, Mrs. Ashe, and Madame Dussek. In consequence of the excellent arrangements which have been made for the entertainment of the public, the houses are thronged on every performance, as much as they are on the nights of acting: a circumstance very unusual with the English people, whose taste for music, particularly *sacred* music, is by no means a leading feature in their character. Perhaps, indeed, the fulness of the houses may have been owing in some measure to the comparatively small proportion of sacred compositions which are now-a days performed at the Oratorios. It has lately become more and more usual to present selections, and these are invariably more amusing and successful than any of the works of Handel himself; for the audience in general, while, in compliance with the opinions of scientific men, they call Handel magnificent, divine—think him, in their own hearts, monotonous and dull. They would rather hear the *Battle of Maida*, whose baldness of composition is scarcely concealed, even by the brilliant ornaments of Braham's execution, than the *Messiah* or the *Creation*, with all their acknowledged excellence. *Acis and Galatea* is perhaps more popular than any of the regular serenatas; but *Acis and Galatea* are neither saints nor angels: and there is in the whole of that work a succession of variety which, aided by the co-operation of excellent artists, can scarcely fail to interest and even delight. *The flocks shall leave the mountains*, *O ruddier than the cherry*, and *Love in her eyes*, are not more remarkable for their musical merit, than for the appropriate imagery in which the poet has arrayed them;

nor have they suffered at all of the singers by whom they are now performed.

It is rather unfortunate for the conductors of the Oratorios that the present period of the year, which is prescriptively the season of these entertainments, should be also the season when almost all the public concerts, the subscription concerts, and the musical parties of professional people are *deluging* the public ear with an inundation of harmony. Yet, from some circumstances, perhaps those above conjectured, the Oratorios have been this year most unusually popular.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS,

FOR THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY, 1807.

FOREIGN TRANSACTIONS.

THE hopes which, in our last Number, from a demi official information, we thought ourselves authorized to express, that the victorious career of the French army in Poland had at length met with a severe check, we are concerned to find, from subsequent information, rest on grounds which afford us but little room for exultation. Warsaw and all the strong places on the *hither* side of the Vistula, are still occupied by the forces of France and her allies; and, however the bias of our minds may lead us to wish the contrary, we are free to confess our apprehensions, that the French army in Poland, together with the confederate troops, and the conscripts that are hastening to join the standard of the chief of the French nation from the most remote quarters of his dominions, or wherever his influence extends, will, when combined, and the season for active operations arrives, present a force not merely sufficient to balance the fortune of the war, but so preponderating as to give perhaps decisive advantages to the enemy. If the events of the last fifteen years had not sobered the conjectures of the most speculative, and, of recent date, the humiliation of Austria and the overthrow of Prussia, confounded the calculations of the wise, we might perhaps, in the present dearth of intelligence, be induced to offer some conjectures on the probable issue of the ensuing campaign. But who, with the experience of the past, will dare to hazard an opinion on the future? In former times, the loss or gain of a province balanced the accounts of a war; wars took their names from petty districts, and neutral princes looked on indifferent spectators of the combat. But who can look with an indifferent eye on the "great strife" which at this moment agitates the civilized world? Or who shall presume to foretell its issue?

According to the latest accounts from the seat of war, the rigour of the season had scarcely occasioned any suspension of hostilities. The Fifty-fifth Bulletin of the French army, dated Warsaw, January 29th, mentions an engagement to have taken place between a division of the French army, commanded by Bernadotte, and a body of Russians, on the 25th of that month, in which the latter were defeated, with the loss of 1200 slain, and 300 prisoners. In this action, the Russians appear to have fought with great valour, so as for some time to render the fortune of the day doubtful: in the end, however, either the superior discipline, or the superior numbers of the enemy prevailed; but there is great reason to believe, that their victory was not cheaply purchased; and this much we may be well assured of, that the mighty interests that are at stake, are not to be decided by actions such as this.

But the most important intelligence which we derive from the above source is, that the Porte has declared war against Russia. How far this may operate as a powerful diversion in favour of the French arms, will depend on the degree of vigour which may happen to animate the Turkish councils. All advices from the continent agree in stating, that the most strenuous exertions are making to reinforce the French army, and it is calculated that Bonaparte would be able to open the campaign with a force of 300,000 men. The Emperor of Russia will be able to send as many, probably more, to the field; and the Russians in the vicinity of their own territory, and in a climate to which they are accustomed, must fight under advantages which the French may be expected to feel the want of. The event is in the hands of Providence. At a crisis so awful and extraordinary, we must again disclaim conjecture, for while we write, an empire may be subverted, or a conqueror fall.

DOMESTIC POLITICS.

Turning our view from the Continent of Europe, where we must confess the scene fills us with alarm, we have sincerely to congratulate our readers on the acquisition of the Dutch settlement of Curacoa, and the fresh instance which that brilliant achievement affords of the irresistible spirit and gallantry of the British Navy. Too much praise cannot be bestowed on Captain Brisbane and the other officers concerned, for the judgment with which the attack was planned, and for the cool determination and undaunted courage with which it was carried into execution. In a commercial point of view, Curacoa, from its contiguity to the Spanish Main, with which it carries on a great trade, will prove an important acquisition; whilst as a military station, possessing an excellent harbour, it will afford the means of greatly annoying the Spanish settlements and commerce in South America.

Since our last publication, the finances of the country have undergone ample discussion in the House of Commons, for a summary of which we refer our readers to our abstract of the Parliamentary Debates. Lord H. Petty's plan of raising a large portion of the supplies within the year, however heavily it may press upon us at the present moment, seems well devised to give security to our national credit, and to enable us to carry on the contest in which we are engaged with vigour and effect.

It is perhaps somewhat contrary to etiquette to speak of a measure as determined, which is still under the consideration of Parliament, and has not yet received the sanction of the three branches of the Legislature; but we should do injustice to our feelings, did we not congratulate our readers on the glorious triumph, after a long and arduous struggle of twenty years, which the cause of humanity is at length likely to gain by the Abolition of the Slave Trade. On the second reading of the Bill in the House of Commons on Monday evening, February 23d, the numbers in favour of the measure were 283, against it 16.

PARLIAMENTARY INTELLIGENCE.

SUMMARY OF THE DEBATES IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS, FEB. 5TH, ON THE SECOND READING OF THE BILL FOR ABOLISHING THE SLAVE TRADE.

Lord Grenville, in calling the attention of the house to this grand measure of humanity, regretted that the arguments he should have to use, were such as had been repeatedly submitted to the consideration of Parliament within the last twenty years. He demonstrated that the statement which their Lordships had heard from counsel of the humane treatment of the Negroes in the West Indies, was utterly inconsistent with another statement, according to which the black population could not be kept up without fresh importations. A delay was demanded until the waste lands in the islands should be cleared. From a calculation which he had made, to gratify the advocates of the Slave Trade on this point, that barbarous traffic must be carried on to the same extent as at present for nearly three centuries to come, and that Jamaica and Trinidad would each require the importation of 1,000,000 Negroes. Were their Lordships prepared to tear away 2,000,000 more Africans from their native soil, their wives, children, friends, and all the endearments of life, and doom them to perpetual slavery? The continuance of the traffic for clearing new grounds was clearly injurious to the interests of the old planters, in as much as they already began to feel all the embarrassments resulting from an overstocked market, and a consequent depreciation of their commodities. It had been proved that insurrections in the islands, particularly that so fatal in St. Domingo, were produced by the fresh imported negroes, who felt the bitterness of their condition more severely than those born in slavery. Their Lordships, by abolishing the traffic, would induce the planters for their own interest, to adopt such regulations, as would gradually lead from personal to predial servitude, and finally terminate in producing a race of free Negro labourers. They had in vain trusted to regulations effecting the abolition; let them now try whether abolition would not effect regulations. What progress had been made in consequence of his Majesty's communications on this point with the colonial legislatures, would be illustrated by a single fact: down to a very recent period, in the island of Barbadoes, the murder of a negro was punishable only by a fine of 11l. Here his Lordship commented with

much feeling on the proceedings which had occurred in the colonial assembly of Barbadoes, on a proposition of Lord Seaforth (the Governor) to alter the law upon this subject, in consequence of his finding that the sum mentioned was the only punishment he could inflict on a white militia man, who had wantonly run his bayonet through the body of a Negress. After commenting some time on this atrocious act of cruelty, the noble speaker said, he trusted there was not one of their Lordships, who would less sympathize with the feelings of the African, when torn from his native soil, because he was a savage. The experience of all history proved that it was in that state that man clung with the most ardent affection to his family, friends, and country. Should other nations not unite with us in putting an end to this detestable traffic, that ought not to forbid us from following the dictates of justice. Neither in public nor private life could we justify robbery and murder, by saying that others would commit those crimes if we did not. But there now remained scarcely any pretence even for this argument; in America, there was a bill in Congress passing unresisted through its different stages, for inflicting the punishment of death on the continuance of this traffic. Denmark had abolished it; and, for the present, at least, France, Spain, and Holland, could not carry it on. Portugal, unassisted by British capital and shipping, and deprived of a market in the West India islands, could not carry it on to any great extent, if she was still disposed to continue it.

His Lordship then proceeded to consider the state of the Negroes already imported, with regard to whom he deprecated all interference on the part of the British Legislature, and recommended a slow and gradual emancipation, under such regulations as the colonial assemblies might think proper to adopt. His Lordship concluded with passing a warm eulogium on the characters of Mr. Pitt, Mr. Fox, and Mr. Wilberforce, for their efforts to abolish the Slave Trade, and declared that he considered the measure as one in which the safety of the country was not less implicated than its honour.

The Duke of CLARENCE opposed the bill. His Royal Highness said, he had had opportunities of seeing the state of every colony in the West Indies, and from his personal knowledge he was persuaded, that the abolition of the trade must be attended with the ruin of the planters If the measure was carried, he predicted that in less than five years Parliament would have to repeal it.

The Duke of GLOUCESTER thought it incumbent on their Lordships to follow up, by the most prompt abolition, their resolution of last session, declaring the slave trade to be inconsistent with justice, humanity, and policy.

Lord MORTON, the Earl of WESTMORLAND, and Lord SIDMOUTH, severally spoke against the bill; and Lord ROSSLYN, Earl MOIRA, the Bishop of DURHAM, and some other Peers, in its favour.

Lord HOLLAND replied with great minuteness to the various objections made to the measure.

The house then divided—Contents 72—Non-contents 28.—Majority in favour of the abolition 44.—Adjourned.

Friday, Feb. 7. The House resolved itself into a Committee on the slave trade abolition bill; and on the motion of Lord Grenville the blanks were filled up, in consequence of which the general abolition of the trade by law is to take place on the 1st of January 1808; and after the 1st of May 1807, no ships are to clear out from Great Britain for the coast of Africa.

On the 10th, the bill was read a third time, passed, and sent down to the Commons.

Monday, Feb. 10. Lord Grenville, pursuant to notice, brought forward a bill, founded on resolutions agreed to last session, for the improvement of the administration of civil justice in Scotland.. The leading features of the proposed measure are, the division of the Court of Session into three distinct chambers of five Judges each; the introduction of trial by jury into civil causes; and the establishment of an intermediate court of revision and appeal, before the dernier resort of an appeal to the House of Lords.

The bill was ordered to be printed, and read a second time that day three weeks.

No other business of moment has come before the House of Lords since our last number.

In the House of Commons, a variety of important debates have taken place, of which we can only present our readers with a brief, but at the same time we trust, not incorrect, analysis.

Thursday, Jan. 29. On the motion of Lord H. PETTY, the House resolved itself into a committee, to consider the state of the public finances. His Lordship observed, that it was certainly unusual for the Chancellor of the Exchequer to open the state of the Supplies, and Ways and Means, prior to bringing forward the Budget, but he hoped to be able to satisfy the committee of the propriety of so doing before he sat down. His Lordship then proceeded to state the amount of the Supply, under its various heads of Army, Navy, Ordnance, &c. &c. the sum total of which amounted to 40,527,065l. The Ways

and Means to meet the above charge were the duties on malt, pensions, and offices, 2,750,000l. the surplus of the consolidated fund, 3,500,000l. the war taxes which he should take at 19,800,000l. and other items. The duties on customs and excise, at 9,000,000l. This would make the ways and means amount to 21,000,000l. but he would take them at less, and say 18,800,000l. If to this sum the lottery was added, and 2,400,000l. of exchequer bills, and a loan for the year of 12,000,000l. instead of 18,000,000l. the loan raised for the last year, the ways and means would then be found to amount to 41,000,000l. being an excess beyond the supply of between 4 and 500,000l.

His Lordship, after taking a review of the state of the national debt at the close of the American and of the last war, and of the improved condition of the public revenue, said it was a matter of great satisfaction to him to observe, how progressively the ability of the country kept pace with its increased expenditure. The first consideration, however, by which he was actuated, was to confine taxation as much as possible; at the same time the country ought not to anticipate its resources; and much as he wished to relieve the country from its burthens, it was impossible to do so to any extent at present, if any regard was to be had to the public faith of England, upholding her own honour and that of Europe against the common enemy. The two principal objects with which he meant to interfere, were the war taxes and the sinking fund. After stating the latter, and passing some encomiums on the memory of its author, Mr. Pitt, his Lordship proceeded to state, that in 1803 it amounted to 6,311,662l. so that it formed one 77th part of the whole public debt. By the 5th of February it would amount to 8,331,406l. and thus form a 42d part of the debt. His Lordship next adverted to the income tax. This tax was to continue as long as the war lasted, and in the present situation of Europe it was impossible that it could be mitigated. At this he felt much regret, but he had the satisfaction of stating that it amounted to eleven millions and a half. By this statement it would appear, that the country had a free income of nearly 80,000,000l.—He proposed to raise 12,000,000l. by way of loan for the present year, the interest of which would be defrayed from the war taxes, for which purpose certain portions of their productions would be detached; and the sinking fund, at the end of fourteen years, would have redeemed the whole. The war taxes would thus not be exhausted, but detached; but it would be necessary to supply the sum so detached by a small supplementary loan, renewed from year to year for three years, which would prevent any addition to the present system of taxation during that period. The supplementary loan this year would not exceed 200,000l. In 1808, it would necessarily be increased, and in 1809 it would amount to 2,000,000l.; but then there would fall in annuities, in the first instance, to the amount of 13,303l. and in the second, to the extent of 173,383l. and the deficiency, if any, would be supplied by the small taxes, so that no farther increase in taxation would take place during the three years he had stated. Upon these calculations he supposed the war to continue for twenty years, and said that there would be no occasion for any sum beyond 5,000,000l. a year, from the progressive and rapid increase of the sinking fund. Here the noble Lord took a retrospect of the last war. He then proceeded to notice the operation of the sinking fund. Mr. Pitt, he said, contemplated the evils which might arise from its accumulating beyond four millions; were it allowed to increase, the capital would be destroyed, and there would result nothing short of national bankruptcy, by the property being returned to the proprietors, who were not prepared to receive it. Thus was the country in such a situation, that a considerable addition might be made to the sinking fund at a period when it might be required, and the Committee would look forward to the moment when its amount being raised, its excesses might be applied to the public service under the direction and controul of Parliament. His Lordship concluded with offering several resolutions to the Committee, which were ordered to be printed, together with certain tables necessary to the elucidation of this new plan.

Monday, Feb. 2.—Lord Henry Petty, in answer to some observations made by Lord A. Hamilton, relative to the peculations of Mr. Davidson, the contractor, as disclosed by the Third Report of the Board of Military Enquiry, declared that it was the intention of Government to prosecute the offender, and that every possible step had been taken to secure the interest of the public.

Tuesday, Feb. 3.—The Attorney-General moved for leave to bring in a bill for extending the powers of the Commissioners of Military Enquiry. On a subsequent day the object of the bill was explained to be for the purpose of compelling Mr. Davidson to produce his cash accounts with the late Barrack-Master General.

Wednesday, February 4.—Mr. Fane, Chairman of the Thetford Committee, reported that Thomas Creevey, Esq. was duly elected, and ought to have been returned, and that James

Mingay, Esq. was not elected, and ought not to have been returned. The elections of B. Gaskell, Esq. for Malden, and Sir C. Hawkins, for Penryhn, were likewise set aside, and the Chairman of the latter Committee reported that Sir C. Hawkins had been guilty, by himself and others, of bribery and corruption, in the progress of the said election.

Mr. Perceval made his promised motion, for the production of the Order of Council, which appeared in the Gazette, regulating the conduct of this Government towards Neutrals. After a long debate, in which the Advocate General, Lord Castlereagh, Earl Temple, Sir T. Turton, and Lord Howick were the principal speakers, Mr. Perceval withdrew his motion.

Friday, February 6.—Mr. Ashton Smith presented a petition from certain freeholders of the county of Hants, complaining of the undue interference of the Treasury, at the late election for that county. The petition was ordered to be taken into consideration on that day se'nnight.

Tuesday, February 10.—Mr. Biddulph made a motion for the appointment of a Committee, to enquire into what superfluous offices, unnecessary fees, and sinecure places, might be abolished, for the purpose of relieving the burthens of the people. Lord Henry Petty professed himself friendly to the motion, and declared that there existed a perfect coincidence in regard to this subject in the minds of his Majesty's Ministers, with the ideas thrown out by the Hon. Gentleman. His Lordship moved an amendment, including the words, "in Great Britain and Ireland," after which the motion was agreed to. The same day the Slave Trade Abolition Bill was brought in, and read a first time.

Thursday, Feb. 12.—Lord Castlereagh entered into a laboured review of the new plan of Finance, and disputed many of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's principles and calculations. He did not object to the plan as not being founded on *data*, but because the *data* were fallacious and delusive. After animadverting with considerable severity on the new plan, he asked whether in the present forlorn situation of Europe, it was expedient to adopt innovations? Another question to be considered, was the mode of raising the supplies for the projected period of twenty years. In regard to the Sinking Fund, that part of the plan which respected its surplus might be expected to succeed, and the surplus in 1816 would be progressively resorted to until 1826. But he did not think the Consolidated Fund was one on which loans ought to be raised. Any loans so raised must be eked out by the Supplementary Loans proposed by the noble Lord. This was a ruinous way of borrowing money. He could not think the noble Lord serious; it was merely a plan upon paper, for raising a loan of thirty-two millions a year, a system which would derange the monied interest, as much as if the national debt should be wiped off. He censured the idea of mortgaging the war taxes for twenty years, which would infallibly be the result. His Lordship concluded with strongly recommending the continuance of the financial system of Mr. Pitt.

Lord Henry Petty, in a short reply, recapitulated his former arguments, after which the House adjourned.

Friday, Feb. 13.—The Hampshire petition was taken into consideration. It was alledged by the Hon. Member who opened the debate, and moved that the matter be referred to a Committee of Privileges, that Mr. W. Freemantle, one of the Secretaries of the Treasury, had written to the Barrack Master General, desiring him to use his influence in favour of Messrs. Herbert and Thistlethwaite, the ministerial candidates. This, it was argued, was an unconstitutional interference of government, which the House was bound to mark with its displeasure.

Mr. Freemantle acknowledged that he had written the letter in question, but insisted that it was merely of a private nature. He had considerable property in Hampshire, and many opulent and respectable connections, and therefore he had a just right to interfere. His situation in the treasury was no reason why he should forfeit the independence of his mind, or be deprived of his rights as an Englishman. Sooner than submit to such a compromise, he would instantly resign his situation.

After a debate, which lasted till one o'clock in the morning, the House divided on the question of referring the petition to a Committee. For the motion 57—Against it 184.

Monday, Feb 16.—Lord Castlereagh again called the attention of the House to the new plan of Finance. He wished the Chancellor of the Exchequer would confine his experiment to nine years, and not extend it to twenty, which would lead to difficulties and embarrassments in the finances of the country. It would be necessary, according to his plan, in the 9th year to have a loan of 4,000,000l. and in the 11th year, according to his Lordship's plan, there must be taxes to the amount of 2,200,000l. He proposed a modification to keep the war tax without any mortgage, and not to load the money-market, by raising the sum of 32,000,000l. If the war con-

tinued for twenty years there must be permanent taxes to a large amount, but according to his plan there would be no new plan at the end of three years. His chief object was to try the experiment for nine years instead of twenty. If this was not approved, he entreated the Noble Lord to try his plan for one year, that members during the recess might have an opportunity to investigate it, without interruption to the financial arrangements of the session.

Lord Castlereagh was followed in his arguments by Mr. Long, Mr. Rose and Mr. Dent, and combated by Lord H. Petty, Mr. Tierney, &c. &c.

Tuesday, Feb. 17.—The House, on the motion of Lord H. Petty, went into a Committee to consider the best means of encouraging the West India trade. It was proposed by his Lordship, to promote the consumption of rum, to lay on an additional duty of 2s. 6d. per gallon on all brandy imported for home consumption, and 1s. per gall. on brandy intended for exportation. His Lordship also proposed granting, in certain instances, a bounty on sugars on exportation.

Wednesday, Feb. 18.—The Solicitor-General's Freehold Liability Bill was read a second time. After some observations from the Master of the Rolls, the Attorney-General, and Mr. Perceval, the Bill was ordered to be committed on Thursday se'nnight.

Thursday, Feb. 19.—Mr. Praed, Chairman of the Norfolk Election Committee, reported, that the Right Hon. W. Windham, and T. W. Coke, Esq. were not duly elected. A new writ was ordered for the election of two knights for that county.

Mr. Whitbread rose to make his promised motion respecting the Poor Laws. In the early part of his parliamentary life, said this enlightened and patriotic senator, he had twice attempted some modifications and alterations of the miseries and afflictions of the poor, but he had failed in both. Even Mr. Pitt had no better success, for the Bill that Rt. Hon. Gentleman introduced was only printed, and went no further. Since that period a great alteration had taken place in men's minds on the subject. A philosopher of no mean name (Mr. Malthus, author of an elaborate essay on population) had reduced the principles of relief to the poor almost to demonstration; but though he (Mr. W.) admired these demonstrations, he could not say that he exactly agreed in the learned writer's conclusions. Every man born on the enlightened soil of Great Britain was undoubtedly entitled to solace for his miseries and wretchedness, brought on him by accident, but not by his own misconduct. After taking a luminous view of the opinions of Mr. Malthus and Mr. A. Young on the subject, and the different statutes that had passed since the 43d of Elizabeth, which was the ground work of the system, Mr. W. asked, if the House should not think it wise or politic to abrogate all those laws, as the writers above named recommended, what remained to be done? Might not a modification of those statutes be adopted, which would render them less objectionable, more conducive to the relief of the wretched, and more consonant to the humane feelings of the bulk of the people? This was the great object he had in view. Henry IV. of France had expressed a benevolent wish, "that every man in his dominions had a pullet in his pot;" but such an idea could never be realized. A modification and regulation of the poor laws was necessary to advance the character of the peasantry, who in many instances were ashamed of parochial relief. He would wish to equalize the labour of these individuals in body and mind, to make the burthen more equal, and the relief, which in certain cases it might be necessary to afford, not a source of degradation and reproach to the person receiving it. In addition to this, and to exalt the character of the people, he intended to propose that the whole mass of the population should have access to the means of instruction and education. Had such an institution been in existence, we should not have the rage of enfuriated mobs, but the calm proceedings of an enlightened assembly. Had this been the case in Athens, should we ever have heard of the banishment of Aristides, who was compelled to write his name on the card which condemned him? The Hon. Member then proceeded to contrast the manners of the lower orders of the people in Scotland with those in England; and attributed the general superior good character of the Scotch to the advantages of education and instruction which that country affords to the meanest individuals. It was a fact, that at the late quarter sessions at Manchester, more delinquents were sentenced to transportation than were convicted in all Scotland in a twelvemonth. He next alluded to Mr. Lancaster's plan for the education of poor children, which he praised in the warmest terms. The Hon. Member went at great length into the subject, and argued strongly for the adoption of measures calculated to exalt the character of the poor. He proposed various arrangements for ascertaining the settlements of persons coming from a distance, and taking up their abode in any parish; and after having in a most masterly speech descanted fully on the proposed arrangements, and the necessity of discriminating be-

tween the necessitous and the criminal poor, he concluded by moving for leave to bring in a Bill for promoting and encouraging industry among the labouring classes, and for the more effectually distinguishing between the criminal and necessitous poor.

Mr. Rose, Mr. N. Calvert, Mr. Ellison, Mr. Spencer Stanhope, and Lord Howick, severally expressed their approbation of the principle of the Bill.

Friday, Feb. 20.—Mr. T. Grenville (First Lord of the Admiralty) informed the House, that the Lords of the Admiralty had issued a warrant against Sir Home Popham, for the purpose of his being tried by a court-martial, and it was his Majesty's desire that a copy of the same should be laid before the House, which the Right Hon. Member presented accordingly.

On the motion of Mr. Sheridan the consideration of the Westminster Election was deferred to the 13th of April next.

LONDON AND FASHIONABLE VARIETIES.

ANECDOTES OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.

The Princesses. — English women are celebrated all over Europe for the clearness of their complexion, but among these none are so eminently distinguished as the females of the Royal Family. Nature, to these Ladies, has been most liberal in her tints, which nearly approach to celestial. They all possess forms of perfect symmetry, together with a majestic, and, at the same time, a soft and infinitely interesting model of feature.

The sports and exercises of the female part of the Royal Family are too fatiguing for the delicately organized and the emaciated polite. Those ladies possess a vigour of body as well as mind, which finds no society in vapid enjoyment. In the routine of their elegant and harmless pleasures, the wreaths of Fancy are twined by the hands of Taste, and consecrated by Fame, whose trumpet has already proclaimed the proud preeminence which distinguishes the female part of that illustrious house which so happily wields the sceptre over Great Britain.

FASHIONABLE ASSEMBLY, ARGYLE STREET.

This Fashionable and novel Institution, has recently been opened with a concert, and patronized by their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales, Dukes of York, Cambridge, and Sussex, and twenty ladies of the first distinction in England: at nine o'clock the concert commenced, under the direction of Mr. G. T. Smart. Before the conclusion of the first part, Madame Catalani made her first appearance in any private room since her arrival in England, before three hundred of the first rank, and exerted her wonderful powers to the infinite delight of the brilliant assemblage. She sung two songs in her happiest style, and was most rapturously applauded; the other vocal performers equally distinguished themselves, and the *tout ensemble* afforded a most exquisite treat; between the acts the nobility promenaded the adjacent rooms, which were illuminated and beautified in the most tasteful manner. Several noble Lords amused themselves in the Billiard rooms.

INTENDED FASHIONABLE PARTIES.

The Marchioness of Salisbury, on March 2d, will take the lead in the routine of Fashionable Assemblies. Her Ladyship's routes, like those of the Marchioness of Hertford, are distinguished as much for their numbers as their brilliancy and taste. On the above evening, nearly 600 persons are invited to the family residence in Arlington-street. On the following Monday the same number of visitants are expected, but not the same persons. The Duchess of Gordon next succeeds. Her Grace, although her present abode, in Duke-street, Grosvenor-square, is not sufficiently capacious to entertain so large a portion of the fashionable world as she is accustomed to receive, has still the advantage of having an opportunity of accommodating her friends in an elegant style of superior comfort. This latter house was formerly the residence of the fascinating and gay Mrs. Richards, whose balls and concerts have been so much admired.

The Marchionesses of Headfort, Lansdowne, Stafford, and Hertford, each intend to enliven the scene at a much earlier period this season than is usual.

MEDICAL NOTICES.

The London Medical Society proposes to confer the Fothergillian Gold Medal upon the authors of the best essays on the following subjects.—

Questions for the year 1807.—The best account of the epidemic fevers which have prevail-

ed at several times in North America, Spain and Gibraltar, since the year 1795, and whether they are the same or different diseases?

For the year 1808.—What are the best methods of preventing and of curing epidemic dysentery?

For the year 1809.—What are the criteria by which epidemic disorders that are not infectious may be distinguished from those that are?

For the year 1810.—What are the qualities in the atmosphere most to be desired under the various circumstances of pulmonary consumption?

It has lately been recommended, that, excepting the lancet employed in vaccination, all the instruments of surgery ought to be dipped into oil at the moment when they are going to be used; by which method the pain of the subject operated upon will always be diminished. It is recommended to make all instruments of a blood-heat a little before the operation.

DUBLIN, Feb. 19. The cause came on in the Court of King's Bench, the Right Hon. Lord Cloncurry, versus Sir John Bennet Piers, Bart. for *crim. con.* The damages were laid at 100,000*l.* After a trial of two days, the jury found a verdict for the noble Plaintiff—Damages 20,000*l.* Mr. Curran, jun. was one of the leading counsel for Lord Cloncurry, and promises fair to succeed at the bar to the talents and reputation of his father, who has so justly been elevated to the bench. The concluding part of his address to the jury, on the second day of the trial, was conceived and expressed exactly in the spirit of his celebrated father. "From what I have stated, gentlemen," said he, "I think I am warranted in saying, that though you may make Sir John Piers suffer, you never can make him feel. Your verdict, however, will be of the greatest benefit to your country, you will make it impossible for him ever to return here."

OLD BAILEY, FRIDAY, FEB. 20.

MURDER OF MR. STEELE.

John Holloway and Owen Haggerty were indicted for the wilful murder of Mr. Steele, in the month of November, 1802, upon Hounslow Heath.

After witnesses had deposed to the finding of the body of Mr. Steele, and other circumstances connected with the murder, Benj. Hanfield, the accomplice, was next examined. He deposed that he had known Haggerty eight or nine years, and Holloway six or seven. They were accustomed to meet at the Black Horse and Turk's Head public houses in Dyot street. Was in their company in the month of November 1802. Holloway, just before the murder, called witness out from the Turk's Head, and asked him if he had any objection to be in a good thing? Witness replied he had not, and the prisoner told him it was a *No Toby*, meaning a footpad robbery. They met again in a day or two, and Saturday the 6th of Nov. was appointed. Witness asked who was to go with them, and Hollowayreplied that Haggerty had agreed to make one. They all three met on the Saturday at the Black Horse, when Holloway said their business was to "*serve*" a gentleman on Hounslow Heath, whom he understood travelled that way with property. They set off about the middle of the day; stopped at a public house, the Bell, where they took some porter, and proceeded from thence towards Belfont, expressing their hopes that they should get a good booty. They stopped near the 11 mile stone, and secreted themselves in a clump of trees. While there the moon got up, and Holloway observed that they had come too soon.

After loitering about a considerable time, Holloway said he heard a footstep, and they proceeded towards Belfont. A man presently came near them, whom they ordered to stop, which he instantly did. Holloway went round him, and told him to deliver. He said they should have his money, and hoped they would not use him ill. The deceased put his hand into his pocket, and gave Haggerty his money. Witness demanded his pocket book. He replied that he had none. Holloway insisted that he had a book, and if he did not deliver it, he would knock him down. The deceased again replied that he had no book, and Holloway knocked him down. Witness then laid hold of his legs, and Holloway stood at his head, and swore he would knock out his brains if he cried out. The deceased again begged they would not use him ill. Haggerty proceeded to search him, when the deceased made some resistance, and struggled so much that he got across the road. He cried out severely, and as a carriage was coming up, Holloway said, "take care, I will silence the———" and immediately struck him several blows on the head and body. The deceased then heaved a deep groan, and stretched himself out lifeless. The witness felt alarmed, and said "John, you have killed the man." Holloway replied he was only stunned.—The witness said he would stay no longer, and immediately set off towards London, leaving the prisoners with the body.

The prisoners afterwards joined him, and said they had done the *trick*, and as a token, put the deceased's hat into his hand. The hat Holloway wore when he went down was like a soldier's hat. Witness told Holloway it was a cruel affair, and he was sorry he had any concern in it. They then returned to town. On the road the witness asked Holloway, if he had got the pocket-book

the prisoner replied, it was no matter, for as he had refused to share the danger, he had no right to share the booty. According to Hanfield's evidence, *they came to the Black Horse in Dyot-street, had half a pint of gin, and parted.* Next day witness observed Holloway had a hat upon his head which was too small for him, and on looking at it saw the name of *Steele* on it. He remarked that it might lead to a discovery, and persuaded the prisoner to throw it into the Thames, which accordingly was done the same night from Westminster Bridge, the hat being previously filled with stones.

On his cross-examination the witness said, he had made no other minute of the transaction than what his conscience had taken cognizance of. Witness admitted that he had led a vicious life, that he had been concerned in various robberies, and entered and deserted from several regiments. He added, that he was ashamed and sorry at what he had been, and would endeavour to mend his life in future.

Some witnesses were then examined, to bring the prisoners and the accomplice together about the time of the robbery and murder, and several police officers proved that they were reputed bad characters and connected.

Mr. Justice Nares, who examined the prisoners, deposed, that Haggerty denied any knowledge of Holloway, and said he had never seen Hanfield in all his life. They both denied that they had ever been at Hounslow, or ever entered the Black Horse or Turk's Head public houses in Dyot-street, in their lives. Testimony was adduced in contradiction of their assertions.

The next head of evidence, and that which bore most strongly against the prisoners, was that collected from their own mouths. It appeared that they were confined in separate apartments, but so near that they could converse together, and an officer was placed to overhear them. In these conversations they related to each other what passed at their separate examinations, and at one of them the following colloquy passed.—Haggerty—"Where did he say we parted after the murder?" Holloway—"At Hounslow." Haggerty—"*Where did he say we had the gin?*" Holloway—"*At the Black Horse in Dyot-street.*" Haggerty—"*We must have had the gin there.*"

The prisoners when called upon for their defence, denied all knowledge of the accomplice, and protested their innocence. Mr. Justice Le Blanc then summed up the evidence with great clearness and perspicuity, making some humane observations on the nature of the testimony given by accomplices. The jury retired for a few minutes, when they returned a verdict of GUILTY against both the prisoners.

EXECUTION OF HOLLOWAY AND HAGGERTY, FOR THE MURDER OF MR STEELE, AND OF ELIZ. GODFREY, FOR THE MURDER OF R. PRICE, MONDAY, FEB. 23.

At the execution of the above murderers, one of the most dreadful accidents experienced for a long series of years occurred, owing to the immense crowd collected to witness the awful scene. Afflicting to relate, no less than thirty persons, including three women, were trampled to death, or suffocated on the spot, and fifteen, including two women, so desperately wounded, that no hopes are entertained of their recovery.

At an early hour in the morning, even before daylight, the Old Bailey and all the streets leading to it were filled with an immense concourse of people. Just before the malefactors mounted the scaffold, the feelings of the spectators were agitated to a most alarming degree by the deplorable and pitiable situation of a great number of persons in the crowd, which now amounted, according to the best calculation, to 40,000. In all parts there were continual cries of *murder*, particularly from the female part of the spectators, and young boys, some of whom were seen expiring, without the possibility of the least assistance being afforded them. The most affecting scene of distress was witnessed at the corner of Green Arbour-lane, nearly opposite to the Debtor's door. The terrible occurrence which took place near this spot, is attributed to the circumstance of two piemen attending there to dispose of their pies, and one of them having his basket overturned, which stood on a sort of stool with four legs, some of the mob not being aware of what had happened, and at the same time severely pressed, fell over the basket and the man, at the moment he was picking up its contents; and such was the violence of the mob, that those who once fell, were never suffered more to rise. A woman, who was so imprudent as to bring with her a child at the breast, was of the number trampled to death: whilst in the act of falling, she forced her child into the arms of a man nearest to her, requesting him for God's sake to save its life; the man finding it required all his exertions to preserve himself, threw the infant from him, but it was fortunately caught at a distance by another man, who finding it difficult to ensure its safety or his own, got rid of it in a similar way. The child was again caught by a person, who contrived to struggle with it to a cart, under which he deposited it until the danger was over. In some parts the

pressure was so great, that seven persons lost their lives by suffocation alone. As fast as the mob cleared away, and those on the ground could be taken up, they were conveyed in carts or on boards to Bartholomew's hospital, where every attention was shewn, and every assistance afforded, to those who exhibited signs of life.

It would be impossible to describe the anguish of those who came to claim the mutilated remains of their relatives. A young woman, who found among the dead an only brother, was so strongly affected, that she went into violent fits, and continued in that state throughout the whole day, and great doubts were entertained of her recovery. In a word, the oldest person in the establishment never witnessed so afflicting and heart-piercing a scene.

The malefactors were brought on the scaffold as the clock struck eight. Haggerty came first, and appeared much impressed with his situation. Holloway followed, and bowed repeatedly in an undaunted manner to the crowd; and after a moment's pause, cried out, loud enough to be heard by the multitude—*Innocent! Innocent! Gentlemen! No verdict! Innocent! Innocent!*" Both are reported to have made in the prison the strongest protestations of their innocence. The female convict appeared deeply affected with her unhappy situation. She was attended by the Ordinary of Newgate, and the other two by a Catholic Minister, to whom Haggerty paid great attention, while Holloway seemed wholly regardless of his admonitions. About a quarter past eight the drop fell, and the culprits were launched into eternity.

Tuesday, Feb. 24. The corporation of London, in Common Council assembled, appointed a Committee to enquire into the causes of the above dreadful catastrophe, and into the circumstances of the relations of the sufferers.

PROVINCIAL VARIETIES.

WE have received a very obliging letter from Mr. Capel Lofft, dated Throston, 7th February, 1807, containing the following intelligence: "This forenoon I observed a large spindle shaped spot, near the Eastern side of the sun, which I cannot reduce lower in its shortest diameter, than three times the diameter of the earth. It was most perfectly distinct when I used another reflector, my smallest, and with a very low power. Still more eastward, nearly opposite to its centre, was a very small, round, well defined spot. I almost think the large spot would be visible through a smoaked glass, without any magnifying power at all."

The result of a course of experiments has been laid before the Hereford Agriculture Society, by T.A. Knight, Esq. by which it appeared, that the *strength* of the juice of any cider apple was in exact proportion to its *weight*. Thus the juices of the inferior apples were light when compared with the juices of the old and appproved sorts. The Forest Stire out-weighed every other, until it was put in competition with the new variety produced by Mr Knight, from the Siberian Crab and the Lulham Pearmain; nor could any other juice be found equal in weight to the latter.

M. Leroi, who has made many successful experiments in agriculture, advises persons by no means to procure grain for sowing from a soil North of their own land, but from a country South of it; because he says it is a general rule, that the produce of seed improves in going from South to North, and that it decreases in virtue in going from North to South.

Parpourier, a celebrated French chemist, has discovered a new species of utility, besides its nutritive powers, in the potatoe, and his discovery has been proved in England by stucco plaisterers. From the starch of potatoe, quite fresh, and washed but once, a fine size, by mixture with chalk, has been made, and in a variety of instances successfully used, particularly for ceilings This species of size has no smell, while animal size, putrifying so readily, uniformly exhales a most disagreeable and unwholesome odour; the size of potatoes being very little subject to putrefaction, appears from experience to prove more durable in tenacity and whiteness, and, for white-washing, should always be preferred to animal size, the decomposition of which always exhibits proofs of infectious effluvia.

A cheap Substitute for Tea, more particularly recommended to the poorer classes of society.—White peas, baked in an oven till they are brown throughout; grind and boil them as you do coffee, or rather more.—The person who recommends the above, considers it his duty to make it more public, as it has been highly approved

of by many of his friends who declare they cannot find any difference between this and real coffee.—N. B. When they are warm, a small piece of butter is necessary to mix with them, to prevent their burning.

In the year 1806, there were grown on moss land, at Castle-head, never before cultivated, carrots which in one square yard, (tried in several parts of the field) weighed 47lb. Half an acre produced, on the average, 9 tons, 4 cwt. 2 qrs. 16lb. carrots, which, at 4s. per cwt. would amount to 36l. 18s. 6d.—The quantity of potatoes growing on four statute acres of the same field was 60r bushels. The rows were four feet asunder.

Substitute for barm, which may prove generally useful:—To a pint of fresh beer, or porter, put a table spoonful of brown sugar, and as much flour as will convert it to the consistence of a batter; put the mixture into a small jar or bottle, corking it close, as it is apt to fly. Shake it well twice a day, for six days, it will then be fit for use. The above will work 14lbs of flour—leave about a tea cup full in the bottle, and add the same quantity of beer, sugar, and flour, it will be fit for use in three days. Leave the barm to spunge with the flour some time in the day; make the bread at night, and bake it next morning. The barm is to be beaten up with a little warm water, to spunge in the flour as soon as it is out of the jar, and left for about six hours before the bread is made.

BIRTHS.

At Atherstone-hall, Warwickshire, the Rt. Hon. Lady Grey, of a son.

At the Castle of Dublin, her Grace the Dutchess of Bedford, of a son.

The Countess of Loudoun and Moira, of a son and heir, at his Lordship's house in St. James's-place; but we are sorry to state that the infant died the morning after its birth.

MARRIAGES.

The Hon. and Rev. Edward Taylor, brother to the Marquis of Headfort, to Miss St. Leger, eldest daughter to Col. St. Leger, and niece to Viscount Doneraile.

At St. George's Church, Hanover-square, Sir Daniel Fleming, Bart. to Miss Fleming, daughter and sole heiress of the late Sir Michael Le Fleming, Bart.

On the 29th ult. at the Collegiate Church, Manchester, James Bellairs, Esq. of Derby, banker, to Elizabeth Anne, eldest daughter of Laurence Peel, Esq. of Alnwick Green, and niece to Sir Robert Peel, Bart. M. P.

At Farnborough, Sir C. Mordaunt, Bart. to Miss Holbech, of Bedfordshire.

At Barham Court, William Henry Hoare, Esq. eldest son of Henry Hoare, Esq. to Miss Noel, eldest daughter of Gerard Noel Noel, Esq. of Exton Park, Rutlandshire, and grand daughter of Lord Barham.

At St. James's Church, the Rt. Hon. Lord Bagot to Lady Louisa Legge.

DEATHS.

In Hinde-street, Manchester-square, the Rt. Hon. Baroness Dufferin and Claneboye, of the county of Down, Ireland. Her Ladyship died at the age of 80 years, leaving issue five sons and four daughters, all married, and by them fifteen grand-children. She is succeeded in her fortune and title by her eldest son, the Hon. Sir James Blackwood.

At Bath, the Lady of Wyndham Knatchbull, Esq. of Russel-place, sister to Sir Edw. Knatchbull, Bart.

A few days since, at a very advanced age, at his house near the Edgware-road, General Paoli, famous for the part he took in the affairs of Corsica, in the reign of Louis XV. and the god-father of Bonaparte.

At his house, in Chelsea, Samuel Wyatt, Esq. whose celebrity as an architect, superior taste and judgment in the execution of those works, will record his name to posterity.

Lately, at Bath, Mr. Long. He was the Gentleman whom Mr. Foote introduced in the character of *Mr. Flint*, in his facetious Comedy of the *Maid of Bath*. He died worth more than two hundred thousand pounds, the bulk of which he has left to Miss Long, the only daughter of Sir James Tilney Long, just entered her 17th year.

Fletcher Read, Esq. of pugilistic memory, after spending a convivial evening, with his "chosen few," was found in his bed, a lifeless corpse, at his house at Shepperton.

Aged 121, Mrs. Anne Morgan, of Haverford-west: she was blind, and had been confined to her bed some years, but enjoyed the full possession of her other faculties.

At Lidney, Gloucestershire, Sibella Prichard, aged 95; and Mary Evans, aged 100.

LE BEAU MONDE.

FASHIONS

FOR MARCH, 1807.

Fig. No. 2. An Elegant Walking Dress, is a straw gypsy hat, tied down with a white silk or a rich half lace handkerchief; a muslin gown, ornamented with knotted work crossing the shoulder to correspond with the bottom of the dress. The body is made quite plain to draw round the bosom, and fulled in the back to imitate the frock waist, with a light yellow sarsnet or camel hair scarf, richly drapered at the ends with various colours; the scarf is worn so that the dress may be exposed, tastefully tied with a careless knot in front. Lilac gloves and half boots made of kid, a beautiful white down muff, adds much to the elegance and splendour of this much admired Walking Spring Dress.

An Half Full Dress.—A pale pink satin cap made close to the head, trimmed with a narrow and dark leopard fur round the face, and to cross the crown in various directions, with two large curls on the left side to reach to the chin; rich light brown stuff gowns trimmed with narrow pale pink satin ribbon, sleeves chequered with pink ribbon, as also the front and bottom of the dress; an Indian shawl of the same colour as the gown, with Turkish embroidery; white satin shoes; *perkale* gloves. This fashionable Half Dress which has been introduced far surpasses all others for its peculiar elegance and simplicity.

Full Dress.—A train of pale blue crape, showered with silver spangles, worn over a white satin train petticoat, with a narrow silver fringe round the bottom; the gown is made with only one sleeve, which is on the left side, and to confine the left breast, fastened under the right arm with silver clasps down to the knee; the petticoat is gathered into a lace body with a sleeve of rich white lace made close to the right arm; from the middle of the back is suspended a rich pearl necklace, crossing over the left side of the neck, and fastened with the body of the dress, drawn down on the right side of the bosom with a magnificent broach composed of pearls, as broaches are no longer considered fashionable when worn in the front of the bosom. A pale blue satin cap, richly ornamented with silver to correspond with the dress; a shroud of white lace suspended from the center of the cap, with a rich ornament of pearls flowing gracefully over the whole of the dress has a most beautiful effect. White kid gloves and shoes, terminate the whole of this superb and elegant dress.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON LADIES DRESSES FOR MARCH.

The genial mildness of an unusual fine spring, which has already decked vegetation with the budding promise of luxuriant verdure, has not, however, banished from fashionable *costume*, their cumbrous draperies and heavy ornaments which have so recently distinguished the prevailing taste. The *promenade* in Hyde Park, the only general one this spring, where beauty and fashion deign to exhibit their combined attractions, has lately been literally crowded with *belles* and *beaux*; the rival titles to rank and admiration were there displayed in a fascinating contest for the palm of experience. The dresses of the fashionables were composed for the most part of mantles and pelisses of every description: robes of velvet cloth and twilled sarsnet continue to be much worn; but the most fashionable and elegant are those of dove coloured velvet worn loose, and open before, trimmed with light chinchealley fur, or embroidered with silk of the same colour down the front, with a running foliage of vine and olive leaves. Spencers of silk or velvet have also been much worn; and some fur shawls were likewise *perceptible*; white down muffs were and will be the rage among the *élégantés*. The prevailing head dresses of the distinguished fashionables, are composed of Agrippina straw hats, tied down with a silk handkerchief, and trimmed with fronted flowers; also velvet hats of the same form, and of various colours: but the most novel head dresses, and those that are worn by ladies of the highest pretension to fashion, are caps made of white satin, trimmed with sable or fur, likewise velvet caps, made in various forms; some of these species of caps are made with a drooping peak to cross

the crown, and falling on the left shoulder, ornamented with silk tassels, and a small drapery feather in front of the same colour, is the head dress that has numerous admirers. There are but few variations in full dress this month. Lent has precluded the display of fashionable novelties; however, many head dresses and gowns of elegance have been invented, which promised to become prevalent among every rank of fashion. Opera caps and hats with white ostrich feathers tipped with gold and silver will be much worn this month. A white figured sarsnet dress, with a long sweeping train, a plain square front, trimmed with bugles or swansdown, even over pale blue or pink crapes, white satin train petticoat richly ornamented with gold or silver, has been much admired. The most fashionable gowns for half full dress, are plain muslin gown, ornamented with knotted work, a gypsy straw hat, tied down with a silk or lace handkerchief, and white down muff; the new invented stuffs lately introduced are trimmed with various coloured ribands.

Fig. No 1.—A MORNING WALKING DRESS for Gentlemen, is composed of a dark brown superfine cloth great coat, ends of the collar in the front cut into a heart; dark blue under coat only visible in front; toillinette waistcoat blue striped with a white and yellow ground, fawn coloured pantaloons, and half boots.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON GENTLEMEN'S DRESSES FOR MARCH.

An evening suit if attempted to be described in colours, would be literally a repetition of what was laid down in our last number, as the approach of Lent necessarily prevented much alteration in coloured clothes by its customary introduction of black, which of course will ever be considered the most appropriate dress during that season; we can therefore only say, that kerseymere waistcoats and small clothes are much more prevalent than silk, which, though most assuredly more of a dress, has been gradually reducing in consumption for these many years; and satins, which were so essentially necessary to compleat the dress of a gentleman a few years back, are now totally exploded, and a pair of satin breeches would attract the observation of every beholder almost as much as a maroon coloured coat.

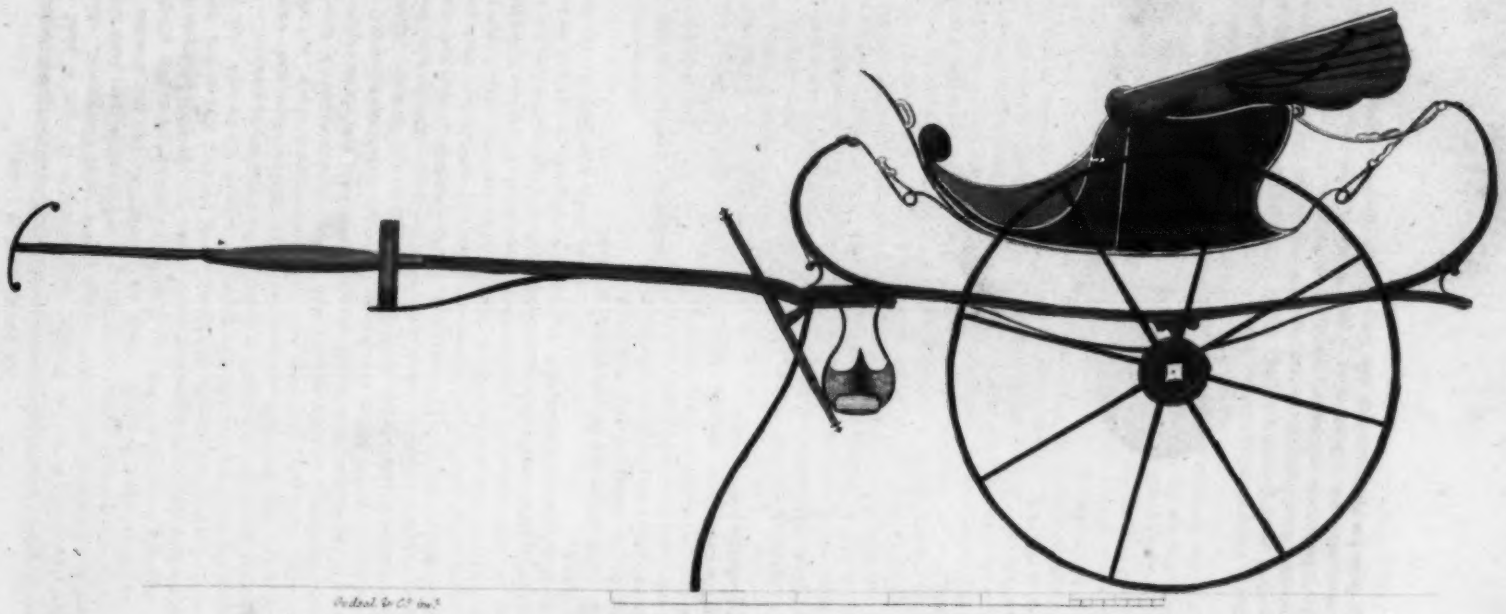
In addition to observations on Morning Dress, we have noticed many gentlemen in plain buff kerseymere waistcoats of a very pale colour, and which certainly have a neat appearance, particularly such as we have seen with an edging of the same stuff; some few waistcoats have also been introduced of a sort of pearl colour, and also some scarlet kerseymeres, which after being rejected for several years seem to be again coming into notice; but as it does not correspond with coats usually worn, nor afford a pleasant contrast, it is not likely to become by any means general; indeed blue or dark brown or corbeau colour coats are the only ones that can well be worn with a scarlet waistcoat.—Brown top boots seem to be somewhat more worn than they have been for some time past, and which are almost constantly accompanied by kerseymere breeches; leather being now almost exploded from the thigh of a man of fashion, and scarcely maintain the preference even in the chase. We have also observed that many gentlemen in their morning walks have attempted to introduce a sort of shooting dress, by parading in a short coat of any light colour, and with drab colour cloth or kerseymere gaiters to come up to the knees; but, however well such a dress may suit a watering place, or a walk over the grounds of an estate, we do not think it adapted to the promenade of Bond street.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON MODERN CARRIAGES.

Great alterations have within these few months taken place in Curricles, more particularly in the hanging of them; one of the most fashionable we now present our numerous Subscribers with—They now are made peculiarly light, and hung remarkably high with springs before like four wheel carriages; in lieu of the springs under the body, which the easy improved method of hanging them as at present, are found to be still easier and much preferable for the horses, as they have not that *drag* after them which has been the case heretofore. We observe that Landaulets are again becoming very fashionable; Barouche Landaus still continue to rank high in the estimation of the most fashionable amateurs of the whip, more particularly when made with a single crane carriage, as of late introduced with so much success by Godsal and Co. and is considered by Gentlemen who conceive a light carriage and a short turn of importance to be a great improvement; as it is certain that the length of the carriage is reduced and the body lighter—the body and carriage being parallel sweeps give the *tout ensemble* a very pleasing effect.

Hammer cloths made up very full with fringe of one colour and tassels at the ends have of late become extremely prevalent; and Barouche seats have given way very much for these fashionable appendages to a town carriage.

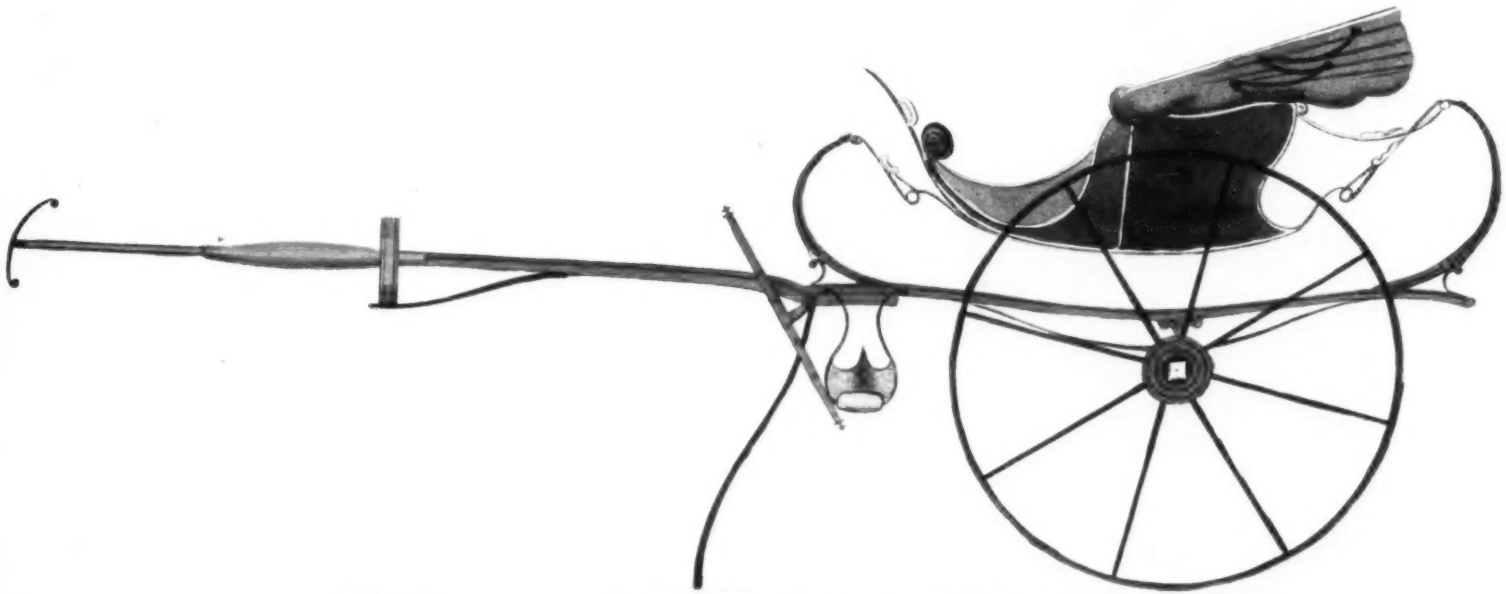
18
90
MAY



Pedzol & Co. inv.t

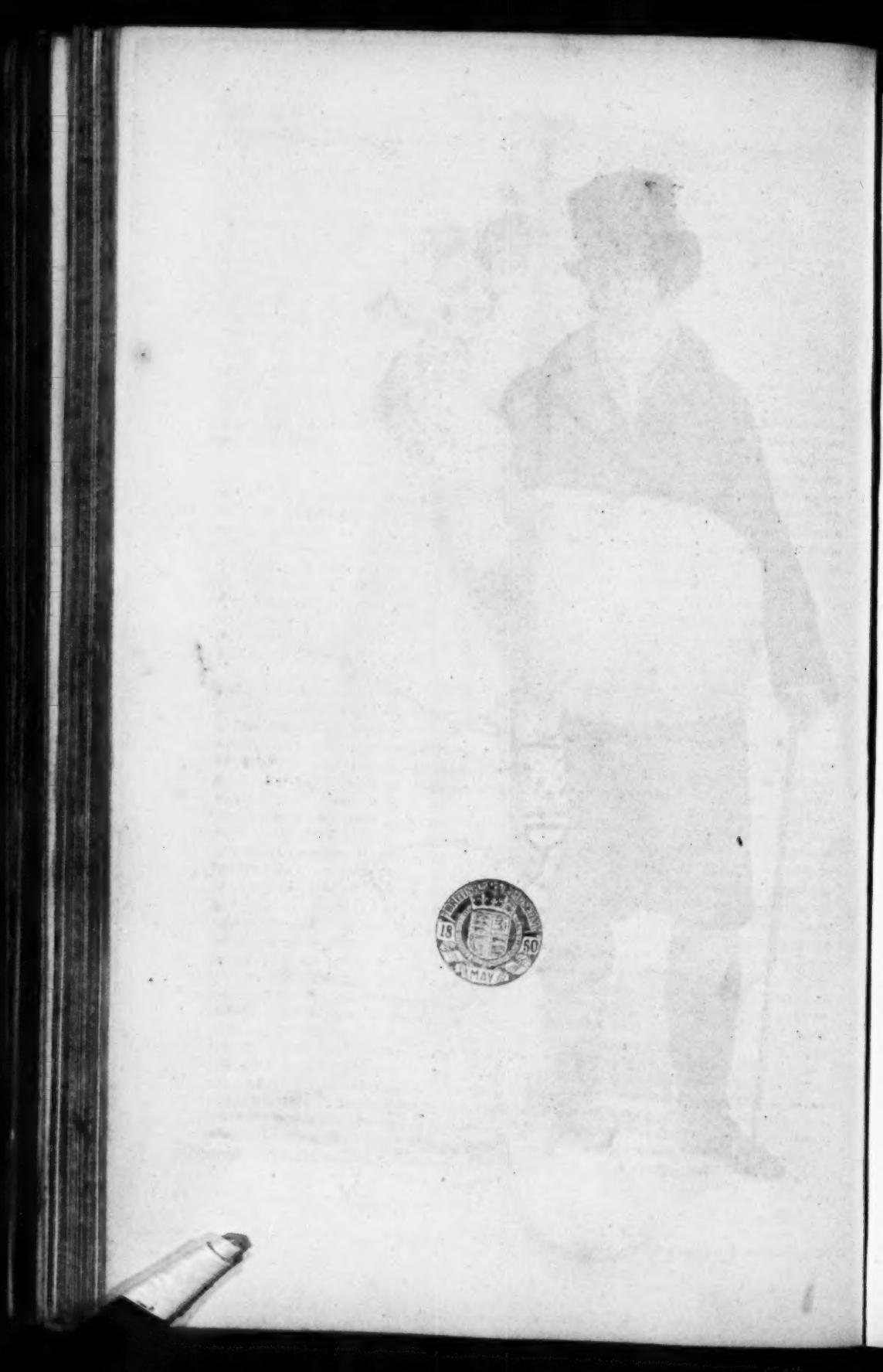
A Modern Barouche designed expressly for Le Beau Monde, or Literary and Fashionable Magazine.

Morning Walking Dresses for Ladies & Gentlemen, for March, 1807.
Designed expressly for Le Beau Monde, or Literary & Fashionable Magazine.



Walking Dress for Ladies & Gentlemen, for March, 1807.

Published by for La Belle Assemblee or Bell's Fashionable Magazine.



LADY CAROLINE D. TO THE HON. MISS VERNON.

MY DEAR MISS,

WHEN, forsaking the gay standard of Fashion, which during your residence in St. James's-square, my dear Louisa, you had so exclusively reared; when, regardless of the sighs of the *beaux*, and the smiles of the *belles*, you resolved, with all the cruelty of relentless beauty, to quit this magic circle, of which you were the fairy queen; I determined upon your punishment, whilst at the same moment I was equally resolved not to give you absolution for your offence. And what is my punishment? I think I hear you exclaim, with a provoking *sang froid*. After summoning every god of invention and cruelty to my aid, I have resolved, that you shall be tormented with the recital of gaieties of which you no longer partake, that you shall hear the triumphs of your rivals, and the fickleness of your lovers—that you shall be mortified even amidst the blaze of oriental splendour, and, surrounded by the reluctant slaves of that country, sigh for the willing captives you quitted in this.

Well then, to begin—England, dear England, is just the same as when you left it, and still, as Lady Teazle says, "fashion in every thing bears sov'reign sway." And what is fashion? I fancy I hear you ask, with one of your enquiring and resistless looks; and after reading my account of it, I observe you glancing a doubting look over your wardrobe, to see if it still comes within its precincts.

Why, the fashion at Lady M.'s ball, which you so mercilessly deserted, was more marked with the happy combination of elegance and simplicity than I have for some time past witnessed. White satin was the most distinguishing ornament of the belles of *haut ton*, and the profusion of curls and bows of hair that loaded the head-dress when you were in England, seems to have given place to the simpler decoration of braids and a diamond crescent-formed comb, which represses its luxuriance. The whispering swain no longer sighs at an awful distance, or moves with cautious steps as he approaches his favourite *belle*. In pity to him, she has abolished that cruel, tho' graceful enemy of whispered love, the TRAIN, and he now hovers round her, opposed in his advances by the FAN alone, which rather *favours* than *repels* the attack. The graces, no longer at war with modesty, have raised the gowns so high on the bosom, that the blushing cheek of delicacy is not now pained with its exposure.

The morning gowns, calculated alike for the unstudied elegance of undress and the wintry season, are made quite up to the throat, with a deep frill of muslin setting close round it.

The promenade dress has not been much calculated to enliven the external appearance of the metropolis. The brown, or rather clay-coloured pelisse, with hats of the same, which our fair votaries of fashion have so exclusively adopted, aided by a tall and lightly-clothed figure, gives them really the appearance of some of those antique vases, which in such various forms decorate the shelves of the British Museum, and attract the eye of the virtuosi.—Forgive me the comparison, my fair countrywomen, I really forgot at the moment that it rested on such brittle ware!!

Now for the places of public amusement, where to see and to be seen, beauty still flies with never-wearying wing.—The opera shines with even more than usual splendour; and the magic name of Betty, which when you were in England drew every thing within its circle, is now lost in the sweeter sound of Catalani's. That she excels every thing that has been before heard in England, that she is superior to Grassini, to Bante, to Billington, is only faintly expressing the extasies of her worshippers. She combines the excellencies of all these, and has none of their faults. Happy, envied, and matchless Catalani!! continue the sweet syren of all the fashionable world, the bright star in her attractive hemisphere; but release me from your enchantments a moments, whilst I return with humble taste to the beaux, who must pardon my temporary desertion of them.

Those, my dearest Louisa, whose smiles, under the influence of your enchantments, always enlivened my circle, now smile but in sadness—the gay Captain K. alone excepted—for, with the happy consciousness of being the happy possessor of the finest set of teeth I ever saw, his mouth is perpetually formed into that smile, that will shew them to the greatest advantage.—Poor Capt. K. he reminds me of a gentleman I knew, who unfortunately (or perhaps *he* thought *fortunately*) possessed no single recommendation but that of a handsome foot and ancle, which he thought amply compensated for a remarkably plain face, and a head as remarkably unfurnished.—To display this envied foot to the greatest advantage, the most brilliant and costly buckles

(shoe-strings, happily for my friend, having then never been adopted always adorned it.—Approaching one evening a gay young friend of mine, upon whom the charms of the foot and its decorations appeared to be equally lost, and whose attention he wished to call to them:—"Don't you admire my buckles?" he cried.—"I was just admiring," said my lively friend, "not your *buckles*, but your *policy*, in making your heels the object of attraction rather than your head."—The mortified coxcomb felt the offence to his neglected charms, and the gay satirist was ever after permitted to be silent on this influence.

As the beaux of the present day fortunately do not wear buckles, and as they also fortunately direct their attention so much higher, they will not, I trust, be displeased with my lively friend's wit, or banish me from their good graces for recollecting it.—I will at least leave you in their agreeable society, and for a short time bid you adieu.

CAROLINE D.

SPORTING VARIETIES.

COLONEL Thornton's stag-hounds unharboured a short time since, a brace of male deer, in a cover called Colonel Thornton's Delight. They went off gallantly, bounded over the fences, and after a very sharp burst, *Modish*, of known celebrity, passed all the pack and ran into view of the deer, and had not Lyland's wood given the game so much advantage, one of them must have forfeited his life. The deer then divided, and after a run not easily to be equalled, certainly not to be surpassed, and a succession of *entapis* and views innumerable, the oldest deer was taken dead-run, but uninjured, except by one hold, and that slightly, by *Modish*, in the midst of all the company. This run was mostly in the sight of at least 150 people; and as the deer were unharboured at eleven precisely, and was taken at forty-nine minutes past two, at the pace the hounds went they must have run at least thirty-five miles.

YORK COCKINGS.—The long main of cocks between Sir Francis Boynton, Bart. and H. F. Mellish, Esq. commenced fighting on Monday, Feb. 16, at the Grand Pit, without Bootham Bar, and concluded as under:—

SIR F. BOYNTON.	M.	B.	MR. MELLISH.	M.	B.
Monday	4	1		2	1
Tuesday	2	0		4	2
Wednesday	4	1		2	1
Thursday	5	0		1	2
Friday	5	1		1	2
Saturday	4	2		2	1
	24	5		12	9

Setters.—For Sir F. Boynton, Thompson, the feeder; for Mr. Mellish, Young Potter.

Betting.—Before fighting, 1 guinea for 20 on Potter; after Monday's fight, 5 to 4 on Thompson; after Tuesday's fight, 6 to 4 on Potter; after Wednesday's fight, 6 to 4 on Thompson; after Thursday's fight, 10 to 1 on Thompson.

The shooting match at fifteen pigeons, each for 50 guineas, between Messrs. Moreton and Withey, took place Feb. 5, agreeably to appointment, in a field near the Mitre Tavern, on the New Paddington Canal. From the celebrity of the candidates, a number of persons were present at the match, which, however, afforded but little diversion, although the odds did not exceed five to four on Moreton before the firing commenced.—Withey killed his first bird, and, however strange to relate, here his skill ended, for every other escaped him, until he had fired ten times, when the stake was lost. Moreton hit his fourth bird, and missed his fifth, and the other 13 he killed with great dexterity. The match was decided when Moreton had killed his 9th bird, but he fired at the whole number to decide the bets.

A hare of singular appearance was killed lately by the greyhounds belonging to the Rev. Mr. Evans, of Kingsland. The face, shoulders, and fore legs, being of the purest white.

On Thursday, Feb. 12, a well contested foot-race was run in Hyde Park, for a considerable wager, between Tom Francis, the celebrated running coachman, and a man from Bath, who is esteemed the swiftest runner in that neighbourhood, and had never been beaten; the distance was one hundred yards, and the wager was with difficulty won by Tom Francis.